The Bookman.

"I am a Bookman."—*James Russell Lowell.*

No. 98. Vol. XVII. NOVEMBER, 1899. Price Sixpence.

NOTICES.

All communications intended for the Editor must be addressed to the Editor *of* The Bookman, 27, Paternoster Row, London, E.C.

No unused communications will be returned whether stamps are enclosed for that purpose or not, and to this rule we can make no exception.

All new books sent for review will receive notice, long or short, in the succeeding number. Thus all books received before the 15th *of* November *will be noticed in the* December *number; books received subsequently and up to the* 15th December *in the* January *number.*

NEWS NOTES.

Miss Beatrice Harraden left for California on Thursday evening, October 26th. She expects to be absent for six months. Miss Harraden has already found a subject for a new novel.

Mr. H. G. Wells is engaged on a new novel which is to appear serially in the *Strand Magazine* next year. It will be a scientific extravaganza in the vein of "The Time Machine" and "The War of the Worlds."

We hear that the new novel by Mr. Henry Seton Merriman, which will run through the pages of the *Cornhill* next year, will be entitled "The Isle of Unrest."

Ian Maclaren has decided to add another six stories to the series entitled "A Scots Grammar School," which has been running for some months in the *Windsor Magazine.*

"Three Men on the Bümmel" is the title of the sequel which Mr. Jerome has written to his famous "Three Men in a Boat." It will be published serially in this country in *To-Day*, and simultaneously in America and Australia. It will afterwards be published in book form in this country by Mr. Arrowsmith, who is the publisher of "Three Men in a Boat," and in America by Messrs. Dodd, Mead and Co.

We have had the advantage of seeing the prospectus, as it may be called, of the United Services Proprietary College at Westward Ho, North Devon, for 1882. At this period Mr. Rudyard Kipling was a pupil in the school, which he has made famous in his new book, "Stalky and Co." Mr. Kipling was in the Upper Fifth. His house master was Mr. M. H. Pugh, M.A., of St. John's College, Cambridge. The other boys in the form who had the same house master were Dunsterville, Beresford, and Davies. The headmaster of the school was Mr. Cormell Price, M.A., B.C.L., for eleven years headmaster of the modern side, Haileybury College. The assistant masters were Messrs. W. C. Crofts, M. H. Pugh, H. A. Evans, J. P. Carr, C. W. L. Bode, C. L. Barnes, R. Bulmer, and the Revs. H. C. Stevens and G. Willes. The charges were moderate, from sixty guineas to eighty guineas a year, and great stress is laid on the thousand acres of golf ground which the pupils could use. Mr. Kipling is marked as a prizeman in his form, and there is a favourable report of the work done by the late Dr. Edwin Hatch. Mr. Kipling's prize, it may be noted, was for English verse, the only subject in which he is mentioned.

We have also seen the *United Services College Chronicle*, which was edited by Mr. Kipling. It is not specially different from other periodicals of the kind, and one is glad to see that it gives plenty of space to sport, though in a hasty examination we do not find Mr. Kipling's pen in this connection. He is, however, mentioned as secretary of the debating society, and there is a commendatory paragraph about his acting. "Kipling's 'Sir Anthony' was a capital performance, somewhat marred unfortunately by an obvious catarrh and a voice too slender." We read on January 31st, 1882, that at a meeting of the debating society, "after a considerable amount of voting Kipling was re-elected secretary." We read again that Mr. Kipling read at one of the meetings Bret Harte's "Concepcion d'Arguello." We have also seen a number for March 27th, 1889, in which there is a poem by Mr. Kipling, "Inscribed in a presentation copy to the common-room of 'Echoes.'" Also a number for December 17th, 1894, in which there is a speech of Mr. Kipling's on the occasion of the distribution of prizes and the formal leave-taking of Mr. Cormell Price after his twenty years as headmaster. Mr. Kipling speaks strongly in this speech of the merits of Mr. Price, saying that his object was to make men able to make and keep empires.

Mrs. Gertrude Atherton's books, "The Californians" and "American Wives and English Husbands" have been included in the Tauchnitz series.

Mr. Clement Shorter returns to London on November 8th, and commences work on his new paper.

Mrs. Margaret Woods, who wrote "A Village Tragedy," has completed a new novel with Spain for *locale*; it only remains to christen the story with a title. It will probably be seen in serial form before appearing between covers. The writer's husband, Dr. Woods, is about to deliver in London a series of lectures on the art of Velasquez, and will come to town from North Wales for that purpose.

Mrs. Humphry Ward's son is endeavouring to obtain a tutorial fellowship at Oxford.

Our readers will be interested in comparing the two new

MR. RUDYARD KIPLING.
From Twelve Portraits by William Nicholson. Reproduced by kind permission of Mr. William Heinemann.

portraits of Mr. Rudyard Kipling which we reproduce in this issue. The first is taken from Mr. Nicholson's very remarkable Twelve Drawings published by Mr. Heinemann. It is impossible to do justice in a black and white reproduction to Mr. Nicholson's very individual talent, for the dashse of colour which he introduces add wonderfully to the effectiveness of the work. The second is from a collection of Mr. Bryden's woodcuts of eminent men of letters of the century, which Messrs. Dent will issue shortly.

Mr. Norris's new novel, "The Flower of the Flock," will appear serially in *Temple Bar* in the course of next year.

It is frequently asserted that a sixpenny edition does not interfere with the sale of the same book in dearer form. In two cases which have recently come to our notice this is proved to be incorrect. In both instances the books were well-known novels of established popularity. The sales of the sixpenny editions were well over a hundred thousand in each case, but there was an immediate and considerable fall in the demand for the six-shilling volumes.

The writing of Mr. G. W. Steevens's novel will be delayed by his departure for the Transvaal, where he arrived in time to witness the first battle. There is, however, a possibility that he may give us a book on the new era in South Africa. Such a book should prove as popular as "With Kitchener in Khartum," which had a circulation of close upon fifty thousand copies in the six-shilling form, and four times that number in the sixpenny edition.

We regret to record the death of Mr. Grant Allen, which took place at his residence, Hindhead, Surrey, on October 25th. Mr. Allen was an able, accomplished, versatile man, but his chief quality was his kind-heartedness. His life was in many ways a hard one. Even to the last he found it difficult by incessant labour to secure a moderately large income. Perhaps the most notable incident in his life was his friendship with Mr. Herbert Spencer, who for some time was a housemate with him. We hope next month to give some account of Mr. Allen's career. The newspaper notices are so far somewhat meagre and inaccurate. The fullest is that in the *Daily News*, but the writer has made several important slips.

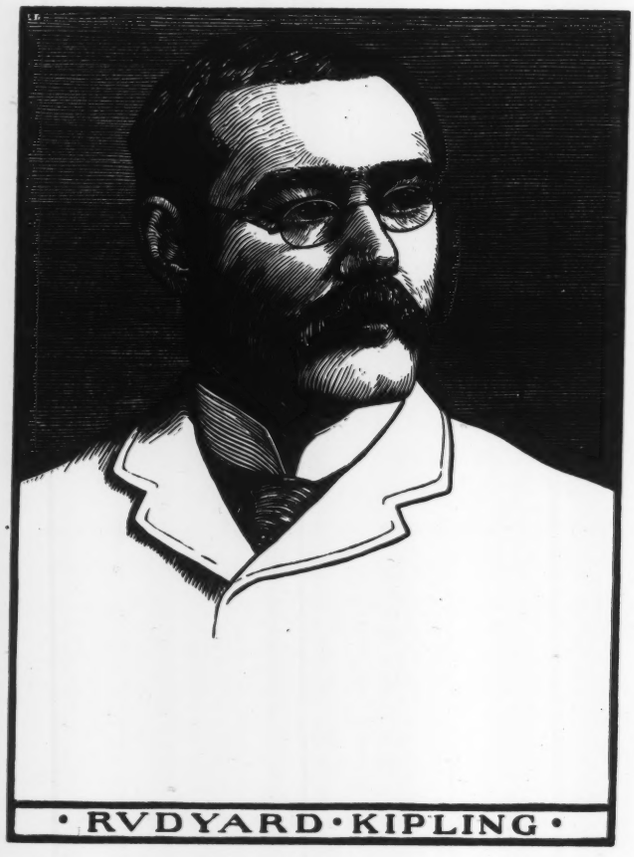
Messrs. F. V. White and Co. will publish Mr. William Le Queux's new novel, entitled "An Eye for an Eye," in the early part of February next year.

Mr. W. W. Jacobs's marriage will take place in November. The author of "Many Cargoes" proposes to take up residence in the neighbourhood of Epping Forest.

Mr. Gelett Burgess is leaving England at the end of the month, and returning to Boston, where his home is. It is probable, however, that he will be back in England some time towards the latter part of next year. We regret to hear that the publication of the English edition of his "Lively City o' Ligg" is likely to be considerably delayed.

We hear that "Under the Red Robe" is again going on tour in the United States; indeed, that the new tour has already begun with the most successful results.

Mr. Frankfort Moore has written a new serial story,



From Mr. Bryden's Woodcuts of Eminent Men of Letters of the Century. Reproduced by kind permission of Messrs. J. M. Dent & Co.

entitled "The Case of Coralie," for publication during the first six months of next year in the *Lady's Pictorial.*

Mr. W. Pett Ridge's novel, "A Son of the State," having met with a favourable reception in its sixpenny form, Messrs. Methuen have decided to make the interesting experiment of bringing it out next year in the usual six-shilling costume of cloth. Mr. Pett Ridge, owing to slight indisposition, has resigned his berth in the City, and has now become formally engaged to romance.

Our readers will be interested in the accompanying portrait of Mrs. Isobel Strong, the step-daughter of Robert Louis Stevenson. Mrs. Strong lived with her mother and Mr. Stevenson in Samoa, and was one of the most useful inmates of the household. She acted as amanuensis to Mr. Stevenson, and most of his letters and books were dictated to her. Mrs. Strong, who is a very clever and accomplished lady, has returned to America. She has contributed a number of articles to the San Francisco *Argonaut* and other journals, and has been engaged by the McClure Lecture Bureau to deliver lectures in the States, one of her subjects being "In Stevenson's Samoa."

MRS. ISOBEL STRONG.

Sir Walter Besant has written a new short serial, the first part of which will appear in the first number of Messrs. Newnes' new semi-religious monthly magazine to be issued, we understand, in the early part of December. The title adopted for the magazine is the *Sunday Strand.*

"Upper Wharfedale" is the title of the latest of Mr. Harry Speight's volumes dealing with the history and antiquities of the Yorkshire Dales. Mr. Speight's researches will shed much new light on this romantic part of the broad-acred shire, which includes such interesting places as Bolton Abbey, Kilnsey Crag, and Grassington. The work will be published by Mr. Elliot Stock.

Mr. William Le Queux has taken up his quarters for the winter at San Remo. He is busy at work on a new novel which he has been commissioned to write for publication in the *Woman at Home* next year.

THE LATE LORD REGINALD STEWART.

(*From a Correspondent.*)

A telegram from a Press Agency's correspondent in the evening papers, a few lines in the morning papers next day announced the death at Seaham Hall, near Sunderland, of Lord Reginald Stewart, a son of Lord and Lady Londonderry, in his twenty-first year. But not the very longest and most portentous of obituary notices could have quite explained how much of promise is cut short in the death of this boy of twenty, nor the singular charm which goes out of the lives of those who knew him even slightly and met him seldom. Some of these may turn to Virgil; "*Heu miserande puer! si qua fata spera rumpas Tu Marcellus eris*"; for him the incomparable lament is not unfitting. His was a youth of very wonderful endowment alike of mind and character—an endowment indeed not easily to be distinguished from genius. But the bad fairy had come to his cradle, and he grew up lame, and presently developed a trouble of the lungs. Many cures were tried for him; he went to Davos, Teneriffe, and lastly to South Africa. "Vain faith and valour vain"!—like the dead Friend in Sir Thomas Browne's majestic *Letter*, "he was fruitlessly put in hope of advantage by change of air and imbibing the pure aerial nitre of these parts; and therefore, being so far spent, he quickly found Sardinia in Noli and the most healthful air of little avail where Death had set his broad arrow." For a time, indeed, he seemed to be growing stronger in the dry air of Kimberley, where the writer met him, and there, too, he seemed to be fairly happy in the occasional society of friends to whom he at least was a great source of happiness. He read, he photographed, he drove a little pony cart across the veldt, he was much at the Rinderpest station, where the mysteries of Dr. Koch were not mysterious to him. Indeed, his bent was scientific, and, if he knew a great deal about locomotive engines, as a note in the *Times* says, the Rinderpest surgeons and the mining engineers were equally appalled by the quickness with which he mastered their several technicalities. A lay companion of those days was more capable of appreciating his reading, which was curiously wide. You must realise that in everything he was mature beyond the average of experience. And yet all this is wide of the mark. It was his sympathy, humour, and courage, a certain sweet spirituality of nature in him which attracted us, and these, alas! are indescribable. Of his humour and sympathy I could relate some instances, but "occasional prose," like memorial verse, is a very perilous matter; let me only say a word of his courage. A lonely boy 6,000 miles from his home, he never breathed a word of complaint about his illness. In the heat of an African summer, complicated by the horrors of an African election, he was the one who kept everyone in temper. Such was his fine spirit of consideration for others, that only once did he even remotely allude to his being ill, and then it was to thank his correspondent for a nonsense letter in Scotch which "went a long way to cheer me up." Even after he had come home, as it has happened to die, he could write a long letter from an imaginary firm of Scotch solicitors bubbling with spirit and vivacity. That was his way of reassuring those anxious inquiries which he may have guessed were on the point of his correspondent's pen. . . . . But what do I write? Words, words, words—I cannot make you see him. In a sense he died mature. In spite of constant suffering, perhaps because of it, he had become one of those who Sir Thomas Browne tells do not need to live longer—"they that have early arrived unto the assurance of a perfect station in Christ." He will be remembered.

C. B.

MONTHLY REPORTS OF THE WHOLESALE BOOKSELLING TRADE.

(1) ENGLAND.

SEPTEMBER 25TH TO OCTOBER 21ST, 1899.

The improvement in business referred to in the previous report continues. Trade is decidedly better, and it is earnestly hoped that something over and above the average, for the time of year, will be done, to compensate in some measure for the very slack summer. and early autumn season. From the foreign and colonial departments there is a fair output, but it is possible that there will be a falling-off in the South African trade before long.

The 6s. novel still holds a leading place in the bookseller's business. "The King's Mirror," "A Corner of the West," and "A Double Thread" appear to be first, second, and third respectively in the public favour.

It will readily be believed that any work dealing with the Transvaal and South Africa in general is eagerly bought. Fitzpatrick's "The Transvaal from Within" has been selling as quickly as the binder could turn out copies, and there is a renewed demand for Theal's "South Africa." Several novels, the scenes of which are laid in South Africa, have been in demand, as "Under the Sjambok," etc. The sales of maps of South Africa, including, of course, the Transvaal, have been enormous, the demand at times being supplied with difficulty.

Little is now heard of the 6d. novels, which were to the fore a few months ago.

"Elizabeth and her German Garden" and "A Solitary Summer" continue in good demand.

Judging from the sales of books on the subject, the "Church Question" is now attracting very little attention.

Rudyard Kipling's new book, "Stalky and Co.," has not disappointed the trade in their anticipations as to its sale.

The magazine world continues unchanged. *The Woman at Home* leads as a lady's magazine, while general periodical literature, such as the *Royal*, *Harper*, *Pall Mall*, *Harmsworth*, *Strand*, and *Windsor*, with the *Wide World Magazine*, continue in favour.

Appended is a list of the best selling books at the time of going to press.

The Transvaal from Within. By J. P. Fitzpatrick. 10s. net. (Heinemann.)
The King's Mirror. By A. Hope. 6s. (Methuen.)
A Corner of the West. By E. H. Fowler. 6s. (Hutchinson)
A Double Thread. By E. T. Fowler. 6s. (Hutchinson.)
Mammon and Co. By E. F. Benson. 6s. (Heinemann.)
Stalky and Co. By R. Kipling. 6s. (Macmillan.)
Gilian the Dreamer. By N. Munro. 6s. (Isbister.)
Richard Carvel. By W. Churchill. 6s. (Macmillan.)
The Human Boy. By E. Phillpotts. 6s. (Methuen.)
Elizabeth and her German Garden. 6s. (Macmillan.)
A Solitary Summer. 6s. (Macmillan.)
Story of Australian Bushrangers. By G. E. Boxall. 6s. (Sonnenschein.)
Further Adventures of Captain Kettle. By C. Hyne. 6s. (Pearson.)
My Lady Frivol. By R. N. Carey. 6s. (Hutchinson.)
The Orange Girl. By W. Besant. 6s. (Chatto.)
To London Town. By A. Morrison. 6s. (Methuen.)
Trooper 3809. By L. Decle. 6s. (Heinemann.)
David Harum. By E. N. Westcott. 6s. (Methuen)
The Island. By R. Whiteing. 6s. (Richards.)
Little Novels of Italy. By M. Hewlett. 6s. (Chapman and Hall.)
Under the Sjambok. By G. H. Russell. 6s. (J. Murray.)
South Africa. By G. M. C. Theal. 5s. (Unwin.)
Hypocrite (The). 2s. 6d. (Greening)
Ten Shillings a Week per Head. By C. S. Peel. 3s. 6d. (Constable.)
Parker (J.) An Autobiography. 6s. (Hodder.)
Embroidery. By W. G. P. Townsend. 3s. 6d. net. (Truslove.)
Prinsloo of Prinsloosdorp. By S. Erasmus. 3s. 6d. (Simpkin.)
A Farmer's Year. By H. R. Haggard. 7s. 6d. net. (Longmans.)
The Scarlet Woman. By J. Hocking. 3s. 6d. (Bowden.
A Sailor's Bride. By G. Boothby. 5s. (White.)
Crossley's (F. W.) Life. By J. R. Harris. 6s. (Nisbet.)
The Book of the West. By S. B. Gould. Vols. 1 and 2. 6s. each. (Methuen.)
Patriotism and Empire. By J. M. Robertson. 3s. 6d. (Richards.)

WEEKLY SUMMARY OF THE WHOLESALE BOOK TRADE.

Week ending
Sept. 30—A fairly busy week in the home departments. Colonial and foreign business continues good.
Oct. 7—Business in the home trade still brisk. Export departments still busy.
Oct. 14—A little easier than the last week, improving at the close. Colonial and foreign departments a little slacker.
Oct. 21—This week has been a busy one, coupled with the earlier published magazines. Export business more satisfactory.

(2) SCOTLAND.

SEPTEMBER 20TH TO October 20TH, 1899.

The exceptionally good season for tourist literature continued longer than usual, but ultimately gave place to a very brisk school and university class-book trade. What is usually termed the publishing season immediately followed, but the issue of new books was not quite so rapid as in recent years, there being a strong tendency to delay publication until Christmastide. Of course, the outstanding feature of the month was a large sale for every publication connected with South African affairs, and perhaps the most noteworthy of these was "The Transvaal from Within," by J. Fitzpatrick. Everything pictorial of the seat of war was in great demand, especially the *Black and White* Album, War Maps, and such works as "Briton or Boer?" by George Griffith. Mr. Kipling's new volume "Stalky and Co." was one of the leading books of the month, and maintained his popularity, causing his other works to sell well.

Biography was represented by Lewis Melville's "Life of Thackeray" and Dr. Parker's "Preacher's Life."

In religious books the most interesting locally were Dr. Matheson's "Studies in the Portrait of Christ," and the issue of the second volume of Dr. Hastings' "The Dictionary of the Bible."

Books of travel were very numerous. Those which met with success were Neufeld's "A Prisoner of the Khaleefa" and Steevens' "In India."

Much attention was given to gift books and annual volumes in view of the Christmas season, and many beautifully illustrated works were issued by enterprising publishing houses.

The six shilling and three-and-sixpenny novels still formed the main bulk of the business done during the month by the general bookseller, and the most successful of the books at these prices were "King's Mirror," by A. Hope; "Mammon and Co.," by Benson; "Orange Girl," by Besant; "Human Boy," by Phillpotts; "Gilian the Dreamer," by Munro; "Scarlet Woman," by Hocking; and "Wine on the Lees," by Stewart. The popular American book, "David Harum," gained attention, and at last was much in request.

On account of its connection with the Transvaal crisis the most popular sixpenny novel was "Jess," but this

department of trade continued to show a decided tendency to decline.

Our usual list of best selling books is as follows :—

King's Mirror. By A. Hope. 6s. (Methuen.)
Mammon and Co. By E. F. Benson. 6s. (Heinemann.)
Orange Girl. By Sir Walter Besant. 6s. (Chatto.)
Gilian the Dreamer. By N. Munro. 6s. (Isbister.)
Prisoner of the Khaleefa. By C. Neufeld. 12s. (Chapman and Hall.)
Transvaal from Within. By J. Fitzpatrick. 10s. net. (Heinemann.)
Trooper 3,809. By L. Decle. 6s. (Heinemann.)
Path of a Star. By Mrs. Cotes. 6s. (Methuen.)
Human Boy. By E. Phillpotts. 6s. (Methuen.)
To London Town. By A. Morrison. (Macmillan.)
Stalky and Co. By R. Kipling. 6s. (Macmillan.)
A Preacher's Life. By Dr. Parker. 6s. (Hodder.)
Studies in the Portrait of Christ. By Dr. Matheson. 6s. (Hodder.)
Briton or Boer? By G. Griffith. 1s. (White.)
Scarlet Woman. By J. Hocking. 3s. 6d. (Bowden.)
David Harum. By E. A. Westcott. 6s. (Pearson.)
In India. By G. W. Steevens. 6s. (Blackwood.)
Log of a Sea Waif. By F. T. Bullen. 8s. 6d. (Smith, Elder.)
Wine on the Lees. By J. A. Stewart. 6s. (Hutchinson.)
Melville's Life of Thackeray. 2 vols. 32s. (Hutchinson.)

THE READER.

CHARLOTTE BRONTË AND ONE OF HER CRITICS.

SO far as I am aware, no biographer or commentator has called attention to one episode in Charlotte Brontë's literary life, the facts of which I now lay before the readers of THE BOOKMAN.

The *Christian Remembrancer*, a Church of England quarterly, contained in its number for April, 1853, an article entitled "New Novels by Lady G. Fullerton and Currer Bell." The Currer Bell novel, it is needless to say, was "Villette." The reviewer began his notice of "Villette" with the following paragraph :—

After threading the maze of harrowing perplexities thus set forth by Lady Georgiana, having followed her characters through their course of fatal mistakes and hair-breadth perils, witnessed their bursts of tragic passion, listened to their turgid sentiments, and felt the whole to be the offspring of a lively imagination, confined within too narrow a sphere of observation,—a society removed so high above many of the real troubles of life that they must needs allow idleness and luxury to coin some for them,—it is, we own, a relief to turn to the work-day world of "Villette." The rough winds of common life make a better atmosphere for fiction than the stove heat of the "higher circles." Currer Bell, by hardly *earning* her experience, has, at least, won her knowledge in a field of action where more can sympathise; though we cannot speak of sympathy, or of ourselves as in any sense sharing in it, without a protest against the outrages on decorum, the moral perversity, the toleration of, nay, indifference to vice which deform her first powerful picture of a desolate woman's trials and sufferings—faults which make Jane Eyre a dangerous book, and which must leave a permanent mistrust of the author on all thoughtful and scrupulous minds. But, however alloyed with blame this sympathy has necessarily been, there are indications of its having cheered her and done her good. Perhaps, as it was argued of Gertrude, she has been the better for a little happiness and success, for in many important moral points "Villette" is an improvement on its predecessors. The author has gained both in amiability and propriety since she first presented herself to the world,—soured, coarse, and grumbling; an alien, it might seem, from society, and amenable to none of its laws.

In the *Christian Remembrancer* for October, 1853, under the heading "Notices," the following paragraph appears :—

A letter from the author of "Villette," which claims at once our respect and sympathy, complains of a passage in our recent review of that work (April, 1853), which she says has been interpreted by some persons—not by herself, for this was not her own unbiassed impression—in a sense the remotest possible from our thoughts. We wrote in entire ignorance of the author's private history, and with no wish to pry into it. But her keen and vivid style, and her original and somewhat warped mode of viewing things, must excite speculation in her readers as to the circumstances of education and position which have formed both mind and style. Some grave faults in her earliest work we thought most easily accounted for by the supposition of a mind of remarkable power and great capabilities for happiness exposed to early and long trial of some kind, and in some degree embittered by the want of congenial employment. We refer our readers to the article in question, where not only is there no insinuation of "a disadvantageous occult motive for a retired life," but such a supposition is at variance with the whole line of suggestion, which tends to attribute what we must differ from in her writings, to adverse circumstances, not to conduct. We will, however, distinctly state that we had no idea in our mind, and therefore could not desire to express any suspicion, of an unfavourable cause for a life of seclusion. We now learn with pleasure, but not with surprise, that the main motive for this seclusion is devotion to the purest and most sacred of domestic ties.

It is some time since I made note of this, but I had little hope of being able to recover the actual letter. However, in the *Christian Remembrancer* for July, 1857, there is printed a long and very able article on the life of Charlotte Brontë. In that article the letter in question is given in full as follows :—

'TO THE EDITOR OF THE CHRISTIAN REMEMBRANCER.

'Haworth, near Keighley, Yorkshire, July 18, 1853.

'SIR,—I think I cannot be doing wrong in addressing you a few remarks respecting an article which appeared in the "Christian Remembrancer" for last April. I mean an article noticing "Villette."

'When first I read that article I thought only of its ability, which seemed to me considerable, of its acumen, which I felt to be penetrating; an occasional misconception passed scarce noticed, and I smiled at certain passages from which evils have since risen so heavy as to oblige me to revert seriously to their origin. Conscious myself that the import of these insinuations was far indeed from truth, I forgot to calculate how they might appear to that great Public which personally did not know me.

'The passage to which I particularly allude characterises me by a strong expression. I am spoken of *an alien,—it might seem from society, and amenable to none of its laws.*

'The "G——" newspaper gave a notice in the same spirit. The "E——" culled isolated extracts from your review, and presented them in a concentrated form as one paragraph of unqualified condemnation.

'The result of these combined attacks, all to one effect—all insinuating some disadvantageous occult motive for a retired life—has been such, that at length I feel it advisable to speak a few words of temperate explanation in the quarter that seems to me most worthy to be thus addressed, and the most likely to understand rightly my intention. Who my reviewer may be I know not, but I am convinced he is no narrow-minded or naturally unjust thinker.

'To him I would say no cause of seclusion such as he would imply has ever come near my thoughts, deeds, or life. It has not entered my experience. It has not crossed my observation.

'Providence so regulated my destiny that I was born and have been reared in the seclusion of a country parsonage. I have never been rich enough to go out into the world as a participator in its gaieties, though it early became my duty to leave home in order partly to diminish the many calls on

a limited income. That income is lightened of claims in another sense now, for of a family of six I am the only survivor.

'My father is now in his seventy-seventh year; his mind is clear as it ever was, and he is not infirm, but he suffers from partial privation and threatened loss of sight; and his general health is also delicate, he cannot be left often or long: my place consequently is at home. These are reasons which make retirement a plain duty; but were no such reasons in existence, were I bound by no such ties, it is very possible that seclusion might still appear to me, on the whole, more congenial than publicity; the brief and rare glimpses I have had of the world do not incline me to think I should seek its circles with very keen zest—nor can I consider such disinclination a just subject for reproach.

'This is the truth. The careless, rather than malevolent insinuations of reviewers have, it seems, widely spread another impression. It would be weak to complain, but I feel that it is only right to place the real in opposition to the unreal.

'Will you kindly show this note to my reviewer? Perhaps he cannot now find an antidote for the poison into which he dipped that shaft he shot at "Currer Bell," but when again tempted to take aim at other prey—let him refrain his hand a moment till he has considered consequences to the wounded, and recalled the "golden rule."

'I am, Sir, yours respectfully,

'C. BRONTE.'

The critic goes on to say:—

Though criticism was never more needed than in the case of Currer Bell, yet this is inevitably a sad book for critics. We do not blame ourselves for what has been said in our pages of the author of "Jane Eyre." We could not do otherwise than censure what was censurable. Where would books get their deserts, how could judgment be given, if private considerations had weight to restrain independent public opinion? Critics would then be no better than partial friends. But such revelations as this book gives us are a lesson to weigh words. We should never forget that the unknown author has a known side; that he is not an abstraction. And here we are taught that the private side of a character may be in strong contrast to its public manifestation; that it needs rare discernment to form a true estimate of a writer from his works; and that the boldest, most fearless style, may emanate from a nature which has its sensitive, shrinking, timid side. We believe that all the critics thought they had a tolerably tough nature to deal with, that there was no need to sugar the bitter draught in this instance; and when a woman assumed a masculine tone, wrote as well or better than any man amongst them, and showed herself afraid of nothing, that gallantry and patronising tenderness which is commonly bestowed upon women was changed to gall. And now the administrators of the potion have to reflect on the private most feminine sorrows of this Amazon; of a patient life of monotonous duty; of the passionate hold the purest domestic affections had on her character; and which amongst them, if he could rewrite his criticism, would not now and then erase an epithet, spare a sarcasm, modify a sweeping condemnation? We own it wounds our tenderest feelings to know her sensitiveness to such attacks; and when she sheds tears over the *Times* critique—of all things in the world to weep over—our heart bleeds indeed.

I have not succeeded at the date of writing to discover the authorship of the articles in question, though I have a clue. The *Christian Remembrancer* was published by Messrs. J. and C. Mozley, and one of the editors was Canon Mozley, the eminent theologian. In Dr. Mozley's letters, edited by his accomplished sister, Miss Anne Mozley, whose essays in the *Saturday Review*, *Blackwood's Magazine*, and *Bentley's Quarterly Review* are still worth turning to, we find that Mozley announced, in a letter to his brother dated January 1st, 1855, that he has resolved to sever his editorial connection with the *Christian Remembrancer* on account of an important divergence from the High Church party. He says, "I do not think it right under such circumstances to have anything more to do with the editing of the *C.R.* What I have had, indeed, has been of an imperfect, irregular kind, and more belonging to the practice of amicus curiae." He goes on, "I have written to Scott some three weeks ago to this effect." Scott is the Rev. William Scott, father of Mr. Clement Scott, the dramatic critic, and an active contributor to the *Saturday* in its early days. It is tolerably evident that Mr. Scott, who resided in London, was the active editor of the Review, and his connection continued for a considerable time at least after Mozley gave up his place on the staff. The *Remembrancer* survived well into the sixties. Perhaps the publication of these facts will bring additional information, which will be gratefully welcomed. It is tolerably clear that the two articles referred to in the *Christian Remembrancer* are from different hands. So much new Brontë matter has been brought to light lately that it is hardly possible to keep up with it. If I have been anticipated, let me plead ignorance as an excuse for this article. I know, of course, the slight allusions to the "Villette" article in Mr. Shorter's "Charlotte Brontë and her Circle," but they do not touch my point.

I am not aware that Charlotte Brontë on any other occasion wrote to an *editor* about any review of her books.

W. ROBERTSON NICOLL.

GEORGE MEREDITH.

FORTY years ago Mr. Meredith offered a then ungracious world "The Ordeal of Richard Feverel," his brightest, and on the whole, I think, his finest book. Since then he has written many other great and remarkable novels, he has given us poetry of a very high and original quality, but for the multitudes who have at last learnt his name, it will be found that he is the author of "Richard Feverel." In those far-off days, Mr. Meredith was but continuing the tradition of great English novelists. He was the latest comer in the field of stars, more startlingly original than was thought quite necessary, that is all, but admittedly a writer of genius. For years he dwelt apart from the voice of popular applause, a satisfaction for the cultured few. These were under no apprehension that the common herd of readers would ever find him out, or that his name would, one day, threaten to be the last of a splendid period in English literature. Novelists and poets since then have spread like mushrooms, until to-day distinction has become the award of silence. Not to write will soon constitute a claim to celebrity. And yet what first-rate novelist, what poet of commanding voice, has this immense horde of scribblers produced?

Opinions will always differ upon the merits of Mr. Meredith's style, and for my own part I will own that I liked it better ten years ago than I do to-day. Simplicity and limpidity now seem to me such inappreciable qualities in prose that I am, with considerable regret, at times out of humour with an old idol, and apt to lose patience with a too bedizened phrase. And I am fully alive to the disastrous influence of a style at once so tricky and so alluringly strange upon younger writers in the unformed and imitative

stage. Perhaps no two writers who have helped to build up our literature have ever exercised a more baleful influence upon contemporary taste and style than George Meredith and Robert Louis Stevenson. The qualities of genius can never be imitated, but what a tremendous snare for the second-rate are its defects! Even Stevenson himself was snared by his master into writing his worst story, "Prince Otto," upon the master's model. But, as he was not second-rate, and had his own individual note, he pulled up after so unpromising a venture, and contented himself with laying traps for others. But there cannot be any diversity of opinion upon the creative value of Mr. Meredith's work. His women take first rank, along with those of Tourgenieff and Balzac. No writer has ever given us such charming, living young girls, individual, fresh, without a taint of young-girlish insipidity. Their diversity is bewildering. Clara Middleton, pearl of British maidens; Rose Jocelyn, brave and loyal; Renée, an English poet's most radiant vision of French maidenhood; Cecilia Halket, as fresh as the breezes of the Solent; Diana, as lovely as Aurora, with all the wild purity of her namesake. Lucy, Richard's bride, belongs to his early period, and has no individuality, no charm but her rustic prettiness. She is the conventional heroine of a young writer under the spell of Dickens, all smiles and dimples and tears. But even in "Richard Feverel" we catch a glimpse of a girl worth knowing, Richard's silent cousin Clare Doria Forey. This is the only book of George Meredith in which the women play an insignificant part. Here the interest is concentrated upon such striking figures as Sir Austin, Richard, and the inimitable Wise Youth. The charm of this unique book seizes you as that of few books by an almost overmastering captivation in the three most beautiful love-chapters. It is surely not too much to claim for these wonderful pages that there is nothing like them in all modern fiction. Read them again, long, long after their early enchantment has faded from your memory, and see for yourself how little of their beauty and magic have diminished with the cooling and critical influences of time. The Venetian chapters of "Beauchamp's Career" and some pages of "Sandra Belloni," "Vittoria," and "Harry Richmond" are only a degree less lovely.

In music Mr. Meredith's tastes are old-fashioned and Italian, which is odd, seeing how opposed his genius is to that of the dulcet conventional school of Italian music. To be consistent, Mr. Meredith should be a furious Wagnerite. I would not have it thought that I could compare, except in a very relative degree, the operas of Wagner with the novels of George Meredith. The influence of the former is universal, while that of the latter is purely local. But there are unmistakable links between the two natures. Take, for instance, that incomparable masterpiece of gaiety and fantastic humour, the *Meistersingers*. Has not Mr. Meredith in many instances caught a like large spirit of mirth? Might not Beckmester shake hands in fraternity with many of Mr. Meredith's grotesque characters? There is in the *Meistersingers* an interpretation of the fun and the quaintness of things that alone among living writers George Meredith reveals in his work. And many of the orchestral surprises of Wagner have their equivalent in the rare and astounding utterances of the novelist. But where resemblance ceases is in the tragic note. Mr. Meredith is too intellectual to sink into the extreme and moving depths of simplicity and poignant naked passion that Wagner reaches in the glorious death-scene of Tristan. He could never send us to Rome with conviction so sincere and soul so naïvely penitent as Wagner does when we hear the great Pilgrims' march of the *Tannhauser*. For that is Mr. Meredith's great vice. He is too ruthlessly intellectual. He soars too obviously above us and above the life he portrays. He is too witty, too laboured, too satirical, too humorous. He dwells with too much gusto on the failings of his characters. From very force of understanding human nature so well, he is too aloof from us, too little part of ourselves to inspire us with confidence. We are afraid of him, and when we meet the man in the flesh, we remember the writer, and still continue to be afraid of him. Speaking from personal experience, I know this too well. The mere presence of Mr. Meredith, and the fact that he was addressing me, sufficed to turn me into a complete idiot. I was like Heine in the presence of Goethe, who thought he ought to talk Greek, and when he hunted for an inspired phrase, could find nothing to say but that the Saxony plums were fine. I do not think I mentioned the Saxony plums or even Jersey pears, but I found it impossible to lift myself out of a state of mental hebetude, in my frightful anxiety to utter only appropriate speech. Genius should be more simple and more sincere. I do not say that the work of Mr. Meredith is not sincere. It is too generous and too just not to be sincere, and then it is the expression of the man himself. But simple it is not, and hence the kind of inexplicable terror it inspires in us. This is Madame Daudet's impression of the writer when she and her husband visited him at Boxhill: "The aspect of a gentleman-poet (the French *gentilhomme* conveys a much more delicate and subtle compliment than the English hideous word), of perfect manners, of distinguished and sympathetic physiognomy. . . . A fine energy in that artist's countenance, lined but so living by the eyes with their profound expression, in which sparkles of wit and a glow of little flames play." Madame Daudet was evidently quite at her ease. But then she had not read "The Egoist" or "Diana of the Crossways," and we may swear she had never puzzled over a single line of that unique collection of sonnets, "Modern Love." She informs her French readers that he is the Mallarmé of England. Could ignorance run to more absurd length? If you must hunt for Mr. Meredith's brother on French soil, he is there under your eyes as Stendhal. The same ruggedness and obscurity of style and meaning; the same bewildering originality; the same daring conception and delineation of woman; the same wit and brilliance of epigram and dialogue; the same large interpretation of life, of motive, and character. The defects, too, run parallel in their separate tongues: excessive subtlety, an affectation of utterance never surprised into simplicity and directness; an abhorrence of the conventional and commonplace ever on active guard, a tendency to abuse comedy and reduce the life of fashion to a fine art eliminated of all nature and passion and common experiences. Turn from the Italian life of *La Grande Chartreuse*, one of the most extraordinary books ever written, to the no less unreal

life at Beckley Court in "Evan Harrington." The atmosphere is as different as that of the Equator and the North Pole, but is not the manner alike? The English comedy is coarser and more humorous, in keeping with the robuster character of the race. But do we feel less at home with the brilliant Countess of Saldar than we feel with Stendhal's magnificent duchess, with Mr. John Raikes, or Tom Cogglesby, than with Count Mosca or Prince Ernest? But Mr. Meredith's comedy can be far more delicate and suggestive than Stendhal's, as he has shown in that incomparable study of egoism, Sir Willoughby Patterne. The difference in the quality of their outlook is that of a very fastidious gentleman, who is a poet as well as a philosopher, and a dragoon. Beyle was a soldier, one of Napoleon's soldiers, too, which implies an added taint of brutality to the military character, before he became a bored and blighted consul at Civita Vecchio. He adored the world of fashion, as so many other men of letters have done before him, and will continue to do, though he never could belong to it, and only penetrated its utmost outskirts in the character of an oddity. And so he imagined and invented a titled world of his own, and as he was a man of genius, his world is a very wonderful one indeed, far more original and entertaining than the real one ever could be. Beside the Duchess of Sanseverino, the ordinary duchess is as water unto wine, as the Countess of Saldar must make an ordinary countess as insipid as a fashion plate.

There is, however, one distinctive feature in Mr. Meredith's work which, while common in that of a great many of our writers in different degree, reaches in him an absolute supremacy. Landscape lights up most English fiction and English poetry, but where will you find it so richly, vividly, variously portrayed as in the unique work of this writer? Whether it be in verse or prose, you can never forget the world of nature into which you have entered under his magic guidance. All his books glow and throb with the love and perfect understanding of nature. It is not mere landscape painting, which anyone may try his hand at, the sort of thing William Black did by the yard, with all the skill and originality and diversity of the signboard painter. It is the very life of the earth made visible to us; its mysteries and secrets are seized and unrolled before us with the utmost cunning of design, an amazing precision of eye, of ear, of senses. Mr. Meredith does not drag in sunset effects into a novel as a suitable background for a flirtation, nor are woods solely described that the lovers may wander in them. Whether he invite us out of doors at home or abroad, he will make us see and understand scenery by means of a vigorous beauty of description, and such an intensity and originality of revelation as no other writer I can think of ever has achieved. Here he drops all affectation and obscurity of utterance. The wild cherry-tree he arrests us under blooms and scents the air about us. We stand with Dacier and Diana among the rocks and roaring waters of Italian hills, and we are filled with envy of Dacier's bath in those sunny solitudes, so quick and vital is the landscape to our vision. We enter the enchanted woods of verse, and hold our breath for awe. Yes, here is the magician, here is the poet, here is the writer of splendid prose. Elsewhere he may exasperate; here only does he enchant. Elsewhere the persistently blinding quality of his brilliance leaves us ill at ease, but here we surrender ourselves gladly to his charm. In his company out of doors we are at home with George Meredith, no longer doubtful of his meaning, afraid of the ferocity of his intuition, of the eagerness and mercilessness of his intellect.

HANNAH LYNCH.

MR. KIPLING'S SCHOOLMASTERS AND SCHOOLBOYS.*

(1) BY T. E. PAGE, MASTER AT CHARTERHOUSE.

THE heroes of this book are three boys, McTurk, Stalky, and Beetle, the last of whom represents Mr. Kipling himself, and the story describes their exploits at a "College" of some two hundred boys, the other characters being chiefly masters connected with the place.

When introduced to the reader Stalky and his two friends have been about four or five years at school and possess considerable influence. But they are at war with the masters, despise the prefects, and sneer at all school games. They lead a life apart, and "gloat" over their triumphs in secret. "*Je vais gloater*," says Beetle after one performance, "*Je vais gloater tout le* blessed afternoon." "This is much too good," remarks McTurk after another, "to tell all the other brutes in the Coll. They'd *never* understand. They play cricket, and say, 'Yes, sir,' and 'Oh, sir,' and 'No, sir.'"

Instead of playing cricket the three lads smoke in a hut hidden among furze-bushes, from which they are hunted by a sergeant who "wears tennis-shoes and carries binoculars" to assist him in the pursuit of evil-doers. Then they move their pipes and themselves to a romantic eyrie among the cliffs on the sea-shore, from which "they could hear young jackdaws squawking on the ledges," and from which Stalky was enabled "with great deliberation"—these are the author's own graphic words—"to spit on to the back of a young rabbit sunning himself far down." Such enthusiasts, indeed, are they for the forbidden luxury of smoking that we are treated to a further account of their tramping through the rain to a spot where they could sit down "among water-logged clods on a rust-coloured harrow" in order to consume a cheroot in partnership and be sick in common. "*Je cat, tu cat, il cat. Nous cattons!*" is the observation of McTurk as he "hands up his contribution" (p. 161), although elsewhere the speaker is said to be an admirer of the style of Ruskin and given to binding up "odd numbers of *Fors Clavigera*" in spare moments.

This taste for surreptitious tobacco is strictly congruous with the other activities of this remarkable trio. The third chapter (pp. 64-99) is very accurately headed "An Unsavoury Interlude," and relates with a rich wealth of detail how they introduce a dead cat underneath the floor of a large dormitory in the adjoining boarding-house. Mr. Kipling handles his theme with masterly power, and I can recall no place in literature in which evil smells are discussed with such admirable and appreciative skill. It is a shame to mutilate a passage which must become a *locus classicus* to all students of the malodorous, but a single quotation may illustrate its vivacity. "When she begins to fume,"

* "Stalky and Co." By Rudyard Kipling. Pp. 272. 6s. (London: Macmillan and Co., 1899.)

says Stalky, referring to the cat, "she'll whisper to 'em in their dreams. Then she'll whiff. Golly, how she'll whiff! Oblige me by thinkin' of it for two minutes." The subject, indeed, rises above the power of prose, and Beetle indicates that he will enshrine it in a Ballad. "'Keep clear of anything coarse, then,' said Stalky. 'I shouldn't like to be coarse on this happy occasion.' 'Not for wo-orlds,' replies Beetle. 'What rhymes to "*stenches*," some one?'" (p. 88). The italics are not Mr. Kipling's, but he must have credit for understanding what particular rhyme he thus subtly suggests.

In the fifth chapter the heroes appear as "Moral Reformers," or, in their own jargon, as "moral suasers," and execute justice on two bullies by trussing them for a suggested cockfight, and then, when they are quite helpless, administering the following tortures, viz. (1) "Head-knuckles," (2) "Brush-drill," (3) "the Key," (4) "Corkscrews," (5) "Rocking to sleep," and (6) "the Ag Ag"; after which they singe off one whisker, administer "cracks" with a "cricket-stump on the curved latter-end" (p. 152) of their weeping victims, and finally compel them to sing a comic song. The effects of this treatment are apparently to promote virtue, and when the School Chaplain and the Head Master—a remarkable man who "sends a boy spinning into the waste-paper basket" and then gives him "eight cuts, welters"—discuss a complaint which is sent them by a widowed mother on the subject, they "wink" at one another like "Augurs," and agree to dismiss it.

The behaviour of Stalky and Co. cannot, however, be said to improve in consequence of the "Augurs winking," and the crowning exploit of their last term is one of the most remarkable in fiction. In order to revenge themselves on a weak prefect, who has reported them to the Sixth Form for impertinence, they bribe a girl to kiss the timid lad at a shop door, and then turn upon their accuser and judges with a general charge of impropriety. "It—it isn't," says Beetle, addressing the court, "so much the cynical immorality of the biznai, as the blatant indecency of it, that's so awful. As far as we can see, it's impossible for us to go into Bideford without runnin' up against some prefect's unwholesome amours." The Sixth are dumbfoundered by such language, beg the three young blackguards to hush the whole affair up, and Beetle, after lecturing them severely, in the end agrees that "for the honour of the school they will keep their mouths shut as to these—ah—obscenities," after which Stalky and Co. retire to their study and laugh until they are "too weak to move." It is not the questionable tone of this story—for that might be paralleled—which renders it unique, but its extravagant impossibility. There is not a boy in England who does not know that Beetle's harangue could not conceivably have been uttered, and that, if it had been, there is no human probability that he would have survived to tell the tale. A writer of stories for the young should either write about subjects which they do not understand or else refrain from relating palpable absurdities.

Space forbids me to dwell, as I might wish, on the gross caricatures which Mr. Kipling presents not only of boys, but of masters. The Head Master takes "his after-dinner cheroot" to a prefect's study and, after "a cock of one wise eyebrow," addresses the boys present as "Luxurious infants," while he drops into a "big half-couch"; and, on another occasion, informs his pupils that "he can connive at immorality, but cannot stand impudence." As for the assistant masters, they merely take the place of the policeman in a pantomime, on whom Tomfool plays his tricks in order to set the pit in a roar. But then, as the School

"BEETLE."

Chaplain assures us, we should "never forget that a master is not a man." It may be so; but, as it happens, Mr. Kipling has accidentally drawn one of them as a human being and a gentleman. Mr. Prout, who is wittily called "Hoofer," "Hoophah," "Heffy," and "Heffelinga," because of the size of his feet, is the unhappy house-master of Stalky and Co. He is a foolish but "sensitive" man; his hobby is "the honour of his house," and he is "sincerely devoted to gaining the esteem of his charges." As such he becomes a chief target for ridicule. Mr. Kipling's three heroes make songs upon him and mock him as "Popularity Prout"; they exult in making his house, as they euphemis-

tically put it, "a happy little house"; they outrage him in every form and fashion; they had discovered his "weak point," and, to quote Mr. Kipling's own powerful phrase, "they knew well how to flick him on the raw."

It is needless to add anything to such a statement. A spice of devilry in boys is often not altogether a bad sign, but deliberate malignancy is wholly vile, and, in spite of Mr. Kipling, experience shows that boys who set themselves to "flick" a weak but kindly master "on the raw" are very rarely the boys who turn out brave officers or distinguished men. Happily too they are very rare in Public Schools. If Mr. Kipling's own experiences were indeed such as he depicts, he would wisely have left them to a kind oblivion. On the other hand, as a record of ordinary school life, his book, apart from other defects, is a gross and absolute travesty of facts.

(2) BY ARTHUR H. WALKER, B.A., HEADMASTER'S ASSISTANT, UNITED SERVICES COLLEGE, WESTWARD HO.

THE publication of a book such as Mr. Kipling's "Stalky and Co." must necessarily be of the greatest interest to all the scholastic profession, and especially to those who are now engaged in teaching at Mr. Kipling's old school at Westward Ho! But it is hardly fair to raise the direct question of the truth or falsity of the pictures drawn in the book. Apart from the necessary predominance of "the imaginative element" in an avowed work of fiction, the point of view presented is that of a boy. To expect, therefore, an accurate view of the relations between master and boy, or between master and master, is to expect the impossible. As Mr. Kipling expresses it elsewhere, by the mouth of one of his most famous creations, "Too much bloomin' background in front!"; only in this case the position is reversed. The background is obscured by the foreground. In other words, Mr. Kipling has remembered, more or less accurately, various events of his school-days, and, intentionally or unintentionally, has sacrificed perspective and therefore truth. Still, as has been already pointed out, truth, *per se*, should not be made the criterion of a work of art.

To imagine that the character of the average schoolboy or the average schoolmaster can be in any degree gauged by this book is of course absurd. There are no "Stalkys"—if there were they would be as abhorrent in real life as they are amusing in fiction; there are no "Kings." It has been said that "Stalky and Co." would be a dangerous book to put into the hands of a schoolboy. Dangerous for the boy—yes! He would find that his teachers are not Kings or Prouts or Hartopps, nor he himself successful as a rival of Stalky or Beetle. It is possible that he might suffer grievously!

MR. CORMELL PRICE,
Headmaster United Services College, Westward Ho, Bideford, N. Devon, 1874-1894, to whom "Stalky and Co." is dedicated.
From photo by Elliott & Fry.

In fine, to criticise Mr. Kipling's book as a picture of school life is to approach it from entirely the wrong standpoint. To pronounce on its merits as a purely literary effort may be left to others; the schoolmaster will, for the most part, decline to regard it as in any way affecting him or his work. It is outside his province, and foreign to all his experience.

THE UNITED SERVICES COLLEGE, WESTWARD HO.

THE JOURNALIST.

"OUR SPECIAL WAR CORRESPONDENT."

It is believed that nearly a hundred special correspondents have left this country during the last few weeks for the seat of war; and what with local reporters and press representatives from America, Australia, and India, there are over two hundred chroniclers and artists at the present moment at the various points of military interest in South Africa. Some of these gentlemen have a reputation as special war correspondents recognised throughout the English-speaking world, and also on the Continent; some have yet their spurs to win, and others, from rare modesty, or other more cogent reasons, insist upon preserving their anonymity. Never in previous history have the leading journals of Great Britain and news agencies been more numerously represented at the seat of war. This is due partly to keen competition for the earliest, most reliable, and most picturesque accounts of the events of the campaign, partly to the intense interest in the fortunes of the war in the public mind, and partly also to the immense area of the theatre of warlike operations. It must be admitted that the various correspondents are severely handicapped in the pursuit of their arduous and dangerous profession. First of all, a very trenchant military censorship has been established, and rightly so. It is believed that Boer spies and sympathisers abound not only in South Africa, but in this country and on the Continent; and every scrap of information likely to be of benefit to the Boers in the conduct of their military operations is certain to be wired to the Transvaal and the Orange Free State. Again, the internal telegraphic system in South Africa has been

largely dislocated by the number of lines cut by the Boers, and correspondents have to rely frequently on despatch riders for conveying their messages to a telegraphic base. Further, there are only two cables between South Africa and this country—one round by the east coast and the Red Sea, and the other *via* St. Vincent along the floor of the North and South Atlantic. These cables are pretty fully loaded with official Government messages, and a large commercial traffic has also to be provided for. Any single press despatch is, moreover, limited to two hundred words, and this accounts for the fragmentary description of some of the recent battles.

Personal daring, first-class horsemanship, and literary skill count for much in the success of a special war correspondent, but no little is due to the deftness with which a long account of an engagement is broken up into sections, as separate messages, and put on the wires in proper order. It is also to be noted that the special war correspondent finds a competitor in the present campaign in the very full and graphic official despatches from the Generals commanding the British troops, and which the War Office places at the disposal of the press and the public. No despatch, for instance, could have been more vivid and lucid than that of Sir George White's description of the brilliant battle of Elandslaagte.

As befits the leading newspaper of the world, the *Times* is represented by no fewer than eight correspondents. Mr. Lionel James, the son of an Indian soldier, first earned his reputation as Reuter's special in the Tirah campaign, and the operations on the north-west frontier of India in 1897. He also acted for Reuter at the capture of Omdurman last autumn, and in the Emperor William's pilgrimage in Palestine. On returning to this country he joined the staff of the *Times*, and in the late summer described the military manœuvres on Salisbury Plain. Major Young, it is understood, is with Sir George White at Ladysmith. Major Pollock has also gone to Cape Colony. Mr. J. A. Hamilton is on the Orange River. Mr. Monypenny, formerly junior assistant editor of the *Times*, and lately editor of the *Johannesburg Star*, is somewhere in the Cape. It will be remembered that Mr. Monypenny incurred the displeasure of the Transvaal Government, and that he escaped in disguise from Johannesburg to Cape Town, after a warrant had been issued for his apprehension on a charge of treason. Another correspondent is the Rev. A. Hofmeyr, a cousin of the leader of the Africander Bond. He is a minister of the Dutch Reformed Church, with strong English sympathies, and was compelled to resign his charge in the Cape last year on that very account. Col. Frank Rhodes, brother of Mr. Cecil Rhodes, who acted as the *Times* correspondent at the Atbara campaign, and was wounded at Omdurman, is also at the front. Col. Rhodes was implicated in the abortive insurrection in Johannesburg in 1896, and was sentenced to death, but escaped on a payment of £25,000. Mr. Amery, the assistant foreign editor of the *Times*, acts as director-general of the War Service, with his headquarters at Cape Town.

The doyen of the war correspondents on the active list is undoubtedly Mr. Bennet Burleigh, of the *Daily Telegraph*, whose cable despatch of the battle of Elandslaagte was full of fire, and roughly picturesque. A native of Glasgow, while quite a boy he found his way to America at the beginning of the Civil War, and joined the ranks of the Confederates. He rose to commission rank, and was twice taken prisoner and condemned to death by the Federalists, but managed to escape in a marvellous manner. His first experience as a war correspondent was as the representative of the Central News in the Gordon Relief Expedition of 1884-5. He had a whale-boat of his own in the flotilla by which Lord Wolseley conveyed his troops up the Nile; but it was wrecked in the rapids above Wady-Halfa, and he narrowly escaped drowning. Mr. Burleigh afterwards joined General Stewart's Desert Column, and shared in the fighting all the way to Metemmeh, being twice mentioned in despatches for services rendered. He took part in the French campaign in Madagascar, during which he was compelled, in order to escape capture, to walk 200 miles almost naked. He was with the Greeks in Thessaly, and then went to the Soudan in the autumn of 1897. After the capture of Berber, he crossed the desert to Suakim, from whence he sailed in an open boat to Massowah, narrowly escaping shipwreck during a severe storm. Thence he made his way to Kassala, which he saw evacuated by the Italians. He was with Lord Kitchener in both the Atbara and Omdurman campaigns, and probably his most brilliant work was his description of the battle of Omdurman and the capture of Khartoum. Mr. Burleigh is absolutely without personal fear, and more often than not is found in the fighting line, in which position of course he is able to pick up those individual details which render his despatches so roughly picturesque. He is the author of several books, in which he describes his campaigning adventures. Another correspondent of the *Daily Telegraph* is Mr. John Ellerthorpe. In one capacity or another Mr. Ellerthorpe has served the *Telegraph* for thirty years. In the early eighties he was in Egypt, describing the events which culminated in the British occupation. Since then he has travelled in the United States and Canada, in South Africa, China, and the Philippines. Last June he returned to South Africa, and barely managed to escape from Johannesburg when the Transvaal authorities issued warrants for the arrest of the leading English journalists in that country. The third representative of the *Daily Telegraph* is Captain J. M'Hugh, of the London Volunteer Artillery. Captain M'Hugh is a native of County Tyrone, and has already won his spurs as a war correspondent at Cuba during the Spanish-American War.

The *Morning Post* has three chief representatives in South Africa—Mr. Winston Spencer Churchill, Mr. E. F. Knight, and

From Photo by] [*Elliott & Fry.*

MR. WINSTON S. CHURCHILL.

Mr. John Stuart. Mr. Winston Spencer Churchill is the eldest son of the late Lord Randolph Churchill. He served in the Soudan Campaign with the 21st Lancers, and was one of those who took part in the famous charge at Omdurman. Mr. Churchill's impressions of the campaign were embodied in a brilliant series of letters published in the *Morning Post*. On the same subject he has a book in the press. He was with the Spanish forces in Cuba in 1895, and two years later, when attached to the 31st Punjaub Infantry, served with the Malakand Field Force, being present at operations in Bajaur, including the actions of September 16th and 30th. In 1898 he accompanied the Tirah Expeditionary Force as orderly officer to Sir William Lockhart. Early this year he resigned his commission in the Army, and subsequently contested Oldham in the Conservative interest. After his return from India he published "The Story of the Malakand Field Force." Mr. E. F. Knight is the well-known war correspondent and author, whose *Times* letters from Cuba during the Spanish-American War attracted so much attention. Mr. Knight's military experiences began in 1870, when he fought on the side of the French as a Volunteer. Since then he has chronicled the fortunes of many campaigns, including the Hunza-Nagar operations, the Matabele Rebellion, the French Expedition to Madagascar, the Soudan Expedition, the Greco-Turkish War, and the Spanish-American War in Cuba. He

was taken by a tug from Key West to the Cuban coast, where he was transferred to a small boat. The boat was capsized in the surf, and he swam ashore and was for a time a prisoner of the Spaniards in Havanna. Mr. Knight's vivid descriptions of the progress of the Dreyfus trial at Rennes will be fresh in the minds of many of our readers. Mr. Knight is the author of many books, the most widely read being "Where Three Empires Meet," "Albania and Montenegro," "The Cruise of the Falcon," "The Threatening Eye," "Sailing," "The Falcon on the Baltic," "The Cruise of the Alerte," "Save me from my Friends," "Madagascar in War Time," and "Rhodesia of To-day." Mr. John Stuart, formerly of the *Pall Mall Gazette*, has acted for some time past as the resident correspondent of the *Morning Post* in the Transvaal. Mr. Stuart is the editor of the Johannesburg *Mining Journal*, and has an extensive knowledge of South Africa. His previous experience of warfare was in the Mashonaland Rebellion, when he assisted in repelling native attacks. Recent efforts on behalf of the Uitlanders resulted in the Transvaal Government issuing a warrant for his arrest, but Mr. Stuart, having received timely notice of the fact, was able to escape to Natal, where he is now attached to Sir George White's force.

MR. H. H. S. PEARSE.

The chief representative of the *Daily News* is Mr. Henry H. S. Pearse. He is a native of Devon, and therefore a countryman of General Sir Redvers Buller. He is known as probably one of the tallest journalists in England, standing as he does 6 ft. 4 in. in his shoes, and with a military appearance and bearing gained during long experience as a Volunteer officer, which arduous campaigning has rather increased than otherwise. As a war correspondent Mr. Pearse has a reputation for brilliancy and accuracy equal to any of his confrères. His first experience was in 1884 5, when he accompanied the Gordon Relief Expedition, under the command of the ill-fated Sir Herbert Stewart, for the *Daily News*. In that campaign he was present during the Desert March from Korti, and at the Square of Abu Klea was wounded, and narrowly escaped with his life from the melée in which Colonel Burnaby was killed. His telegram, one of the most graphically descriptive ever sent from the scene of a fight, arrived in London twenty-four hours ahead of any of the others sent, a worthy continuance of the record which his predecessor, Archibald Forbes, had established for the *Daily News* as always being first with war telegrams. In 1896 Mr. Pearse went as special artist-correspondent for the *Daily Graphic*, with the Sirdar's advance on Dongola, and was present at the battles of "Hafir" and "Firket," for which he received the Egyptian medal with two clasps. During the Spanish-American War his signed articles on the military and naval situations published in the *Daily News* attracted much attention for the accurate forecasts they contained of the tactics and probable result of the Americans' conduct of the operations. In addition to his expert knowledge of naval and military work, Mr. Pearse has a great reputation as a hunting correspondent, and as "Plantagenet" of the *Field*, he is regarded by all hunting men as one of the greatest authorities on horses and hounds in England. Few men are more popular among all classes of society, and many are the tales told of his kindly sympathy with and unfailing courtesy to the younger members of his profession. It is worth noticing that in starting for the Transvaal on this occasion Mr. Pearse had exceedingly short notice. He was in the *Daily News* office at 12.30 on the night of the 8th September when his orders to start by the "Scot" railway the next morning were handed him. He caught the 10.40 a.m. train at Waterloo on the 9th September, having made all his preparations in something under ten hours, and those hours of night when all ordinary facilities were impossible.

The principal *Standard* special is Mr. William Maxwell. Educated at the Bradford Grammar School, Mr. Maxwell gained experience as a working journalist on the *Bradford Observer* and the *Leeds Mercury*. About ten or twelve years ago he joined the Gallery Staff of the *Standard*, and was also Parliamentary sketch writer for the *Manchester Courier*. His first campaign was that of Omdurman last year, and his description of the battle was probably the most perspicuous of any sent home.

The *Westminster Gazette* is sharing with the *King*, Sir George Newnes' forthcoming illustrated weekly, the services of Mr. Henry Charles Shelley. His long connection with such papers as *Black and White*, the *Sketch*, and the *West End*, has made Mr. Shelley's literary and photographic work known not only in London, but in America and on the Continent. He is an enthusiastic horseman and sportsman, fearless of danger, and a man of infinite newspaper resource. Mr. Shelley is the author of "The Ayrshire Homes and Haunts of Burns," illustrated by his own photographs.

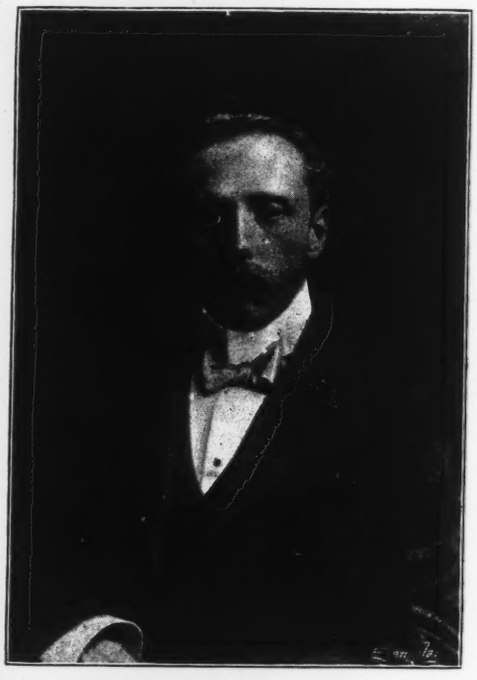
The two leading representatives of the *Daily Mail* are Mr. G. W. Steevens and Mr. Julian Ralph. On Mr. Steevens's brilliant record it is unnecessary to enlarge. He was with the "conquering Turk" in the Greco-Turkish War, and "With Kitchener to Khartoum," in which his dramatic style found full scope.

The *Daily Chronicle* is represented by Mr. H. W. Nevinson.

Mr. Ernest W. Smith has gone to the front for the *Morning Leader*. This gentleman is a native of the Isle of Wight, and has been a journalist from boyhood. In 1890 he founded and edited the *Revue des Revues* in Paris, and later was connected with *Galignani's Messenger*. His nearest approach to a war correspondent's duties has been in describing some street fighting in Paris. He did the Dreyfus trial with conspicuous ability for the *Star* and *Leader*.

The correspondent of the *Globe* is Earl Delawarr.

Of the illustrated papers, Mr. Seppings Wright and Mr. Melton Prior represent the *Illustrated London News*. Since Mr. William Simpson's death, Mr. Prior is the most famous of war artists. In every campaign in every part of the world during the past thirty years Mr. Prior has taken part, and his spirited sketches have commanded universal approval. Mr. Seppings Wright's record covers two Soudenese campaigns, the Benin expedition, and the Spanish-American War. The principal *Graphic* artist is Mr. W. Maud, whose previous experience in the field was gained on the North-West Frontier of India, in the Greco-Turkish War, and in the Soudan. The leading artist of *Black and White* is Mr. René Bull, who illustrated for his journal by means of photographs and



From Photo by] EARL DELAWARR. [*Russell & Sons.*

sketches the campaign in the North-West Frontier of India in 1897, the Greco-Turkish War, and Lord Kitchener's Soudanese campaigns.

Most of the leading provincial journals have entered into arrangements with one or more of the London papers for copies of their war despatches. The *Manchester Guardian*, however, has sent out Mr. J. B. Atkins, a distinguished studen

of Pembroke College, Cambridge, who acted as tutor and travelling companion during a three years' voyage round the world to the son of Sir Charles Dilke. Mr. Atkins went through the Greco-Turkish War and the Spanish-American War for the *Manchester Guardian*, and is the author of "With the Rough Riders in Cuba."

The principal news agencies have numerous correspondents in South Africa. Reuter's principal representative is Mr. H. A. Gwynne, who was with the Turks in the Greco-Turkish War, in the Soudan in 1897, and who did brilliant work in China during the recent exciting crisis there. Mr. A. Hutton is at the headquarters of Sir George White at Ladysmith, Mr. Cumming is with General Yule's column, Mr. Stent is at Mafeking, Messrs. Greene and Adamson are at Kimberley, Mr. Roos with General Joubert's army, Mr. Knox is on the Orange

MR. GEORGE LYNCH.

River, Mr. Jovisett is with Commandant Cronje's force at Mafeking, and there are also representatives of Reuter's at Ali Walnorth, Fort Tuli, Mesern, Lorenzo Marques, Pretoria, Johannesburg, and Bloemfontein.

The Central News has about a dozen correspondents in the field. The chief are Mr. Alfred Kinnear and Mr. Joseph N. N. Dunn. Mr. Kinnear's earliest experience as a journalist was to run the blockade during the Civil War in America. He was in China during the war with that country and Japan, in the Ashantee expedition, was at the Coronation of the Tzar at Moscow, and also represented the Central News in every important event in the various Continental capitals during the last twenty years. He has also acquired a reputation as the writer of the political portraits in the *Echo*.

Mr. Dunn is a hardy Scot, who has seen service with the Rhodesian Horse and in Dr. Jameson's memorable Raid. Mr. Dunn scored at the battle of Glencoe by having his description of that affair published in London four hours after the action.

Dalziel's Agency has twelve men in the field at various points both with the Boers and the British Forces, and forwarding agents at Cape Town, Durban, Lorenzo Marques, and Pretoria.

NEWS OF THE MONTH.

A great deal of enterprise is being shown in the offices of the Birmingham evening newspapers. The *Birmingham Daily Mail*, which for some time past has had a six-page Saturday issue, came out with eight full-size pages on October 14th, partly owing to an unusual pressure of advertisements. A series of clever local character-sketches by the editor (Mr. W. C. Sullivan), which has been running for some six months, is still kept up with unabated interest. Since the outbreak of the war hourly special editions bringing the news up to ten o'clock in the evening have been published. A "*Daily Mail* Fund" for the families of Birmingham Reservists was well on the way to £1,000 in the first week. The *Argus* has entered keenly into the competition in the publication of the latest despatches, and after a long delay has got its private wire from London just in time to be of service in transmitting the war news. Under the editorship of Mr. Howard Gray, the *Argus* is gradually smartening its columns. The permanent enlargement to eight pages, which we announced some months ago, will take place immediately the preparations are completed, including the erection of new and costly machinery specially manufactured in America.

Mr. Fred Taylor, who was formerly associated with the *Liskeard Weekly Mercury* and has recently been managing editor of the *Hemel Hempstead Gazette*, has been appointed editor of the *Northern Weekly Gazette*, Middlesbrough.

Prior to his departure from Nottingham to Sheffield to take up a position on the sporting staff of the *Daily Telegraph*, Mr. J. A. Brierley was the recipient of several handsome presents from the literary staff of the *Daily Guardian*, with whom he had been associated for two and a half years. The presentations were made at a gathering of his late colleagues, Mr. J. A. Burrow (sporting editor) presiding, in the unavoidable absence of the editor, Mr. R. Ivens, F.J.I. The gifts consisted of a massive silver-mounted epergne and a gold pendant.

Mr. B. Fuller has severed his connection with the reporting staff of the *Nottingham Express*, having obtained an appointment on the *Lancashire Evening Post* at Preston.

A new Sunday paper for Yorkshire and the North is announced from Leeds, to be called the *Sunday Guardian*.

Mr. David Duguid, for thirty years a proof reader on the *Yorkshire Post*, has died on the verge of eighty. He was formerly on the press in Glasgow and London.

The *Nottingham Daily Guardian*, in conjunction with several other of the leading provincial morning newspapers, has made arrangements with the *Daily Telegraph* for the simultaneous publication of all cable despatches and mail letters from Mr. Bennet Burleigh, Mr. John Ellerthorpe, and Mr. R. J. McHugh. Also by arrangement with the *Daily Chronicle* all telegrams and letters from Mr. W. H. Nevinson and other special correspondents at the front and throughout South Africa are published in the *Guardian*, in addition to all P.A., Reuter's, and Exchange Company's telegrams. Nottingham people are thus furnished with an adequate supply of war news.

A reorganisation of the *Argus* staff is in progress. Mr. Robert Clucas, chief reporter, joins the sub-editorial staff, and will devote his attention chiefly to the sporting department, of which the *Argus* makes so prominent a feature, which has from the first been under his care. Mr. Joseph Horton, who has distinguished himself by his energy in working up special enquiries, succeeds to the position of chief reporter, and Mr. W. D. Black, of the *Edinburgh Evening News*, joins his staff. Mr. Preston Cribb has taken the position of artist, a new feature of the *Argus* being the prompt appearance of sketches of scenes and incidents of passing interest. Mr. Frank Ormerod, who previously held a similar position for the *Birmingham Daily Mail*, has become the London editor of the *Argus*.

Yet another severe and unexpected loss has befallen journalism and journalists in Birmingham in the death, at the age of sixty-five, of Mr. D. Barron Brightwell. For twenty years Mr. Brightwell (who was a native of Colchester) was editor of the *Birmingham Weekly Post* and principal art and literary critic to the *Daily Post*, having previously been engaged in teaching in London. On the new series of the *Weekly Post* being commenced three years ago he continued his work for the daily paper and gave additional assistance in the editorial work. Though personally most retiring, he had by his weekly *causerie* under the head of "Roundabout Notes by Rufus" established a pleasant literary friendship with a wide circle, and great satisfaction was expressed when it was found that this feature of the *Weekly Post* was to be continued. The only book he published was a "Concordance to Tennyson," a labour of love, for there was never a more appreciative student of the poet. Not one of those who worked with him or knew him but will accept to the full the estimate given by a colleague in the *Daily Post*:—"It can be truly said that all who knew him will not only esteem him for his many high qualities, but they loved him for himself. His frank and kindly manner, his engaging personality, and his well-known nobility and generosity of character, his self-sacrificing devotion to those who needed his help, and his heroic uncomplaining fight against a fatal disease will be long-cherished memories by all who enjoyed his friendship, and by none more than by his old colleagues who so keenly feel his loss."

Mr. R. H. Brewer, formerly of the *Hereford Journal* and recently of the *Lincolnshire Echo*, has resigned his position on the latter in favour of a post on the *Nottingham Express*.

The District Reception Committee, in connection with the recent visit of the Institute of Journalists to Liverpool, having a small surplus in hand, have voted twenty guineas to the Rail-

way Servants' Benevolent Fund, in acknowledgment of the kindness of the railway companies in placing special facilities at the disposal of the members of the Institute; and also five guineas to the Liverpool Overhead Railway, and ten guineas to the Institute of Journalists' Orphan Fund.

Mr. Walter Scott, of Rochdale, has sold the *Southport Guardian* to Mr. J. J Riley, of Darwen. Mr. Scott, who is the sole proprietor of the *Rochdale Observer* and the *Heywood Advertiser*, finds it necessary to spend a good deal of time abroad owing to Mrs. Scott's ill-health. Mr. Riley, who has been very successful in the management of papers at Darwen and other Lancashire towns, intends to make considerable alterations in the *Guardian*. His son, who is now making a tour of the world, will shortly join the literary staff as part-proprietor. Mr. G. E. Wigley retains editorial control.

Mr. A. H. Parker, a member of the *Western Mail* staff at Cardiff, was on Tuesday, the 17th Oct., installed as Worshipful Master of the Duke of York Lodge, of which during the past year he was senior warden.

WALES.

Mr. W. Lewis, of the *Barry Herald*, has been presented with a number of literary works, together with a gold fountain pen on the occasion of his departure to take up the position of reporter on the *Welsh Gazette* at Aberystwyth.

The quarterly meeting of the members of the South Wales District of the Institute of Journalists was held at Port Talbot on October 6th. The members were heartily welcomed to the Port by the directors of the Port Talbot Railway and Docks Company, who entertained them to luncheon. Colonel Wright occupied the chair, and a very interesting paper was read by Mr. C. F. Lee Moeller, editor of the *Cardiff Evening Express*, on the "Evolution of Journalism in West Wales." The ballot papers for the election and nomination of officers were afterwards opened, when it was found that Mr. E. Parker, secretary and treasurer, had been elected as representative on the council, and that Mr. Geo. Padfield, of the *Weekly Mail*, had been nominated for the Central Executive Committee and the Orphans' Fund. The members were shown round the new dock works by Colonel Franklin and Mr. S. H. Byass, two of the directors, to whom a hearty vote of thanks was accorded for their kindness.

SCOTLAND.

Mr. W. Masterton, from the *Leith Observer*, and formerly of the *Leith Burghs Pilot*, has been appointed the Leith representative of the *Edinburgh Evening News*. To the post vacated by Mr. Masterton on the *Observer*, Mr. Alfred Stewart, from the *Leith Burghs Pilot*, has been appointed.

Mr. W. D. Black, of the *Evening News*, has joined the staff of the *Daily Argus*, Birmingham, and his place on the *News* has been filled up by Mr. A. Urquhart, of the *Alloa Advertiser*.

Mr. W. A. Russell, M.A., a sub-editor on the staff of the *Daily Free Press* (Aberdeen), has been appointed to a sub-editorship on the *Bradford Observer*.

ISLE OF MAN.

Mr. Thorpe, formerly of the *Ramsey Weekly News*, has joined the reporting staff of the *Manx Sun* (Douglas) vice Mr. John Robinson.

An effort is being made by the members of the Isle of Man Sub-District of the Institute of Journalists to secure more convenient accommodation than is at present provided in the Manx Legislative Chambers and Court Houses.

IRELAND.

This month has seen the departure of another well-known and promising pressman. Mr. P. J. Lynch, who for seven years had been connected with the *Cork Herald*, has gone to the editorial staff of Mr. William O'Brien's new paper, the *Irish People*. Mr. William Barrett presided at a convivial gathering, at which Mr. Lynch was presented with a valuable token of the esteem of his fellows. Comment was naturally made on the almost insatiable demand in the Irish metropolis for pressmen who have been reared in the City by the Lee. A witty Dublin scribe happily still in the flesh, with cynicism perhaps hardly justified, once said, "At one time, boys, it used to be all bottle and no cork; now, be jabers, it's all Cork and no bottle."

The death has occurred in Tuam, co. Galway, of Mr. Edward Byrne, editor up to twelve months ago of the *Irish Daily Independent*, and formerly of the *Freeman's Journal*.

NEW PUBLISHER.

MR. R. A. EVERETT.

The name of Mr. R. A. Everett is the latest addition to the long roll of London publishers. Mr. Everett was for several years manager to Messrs. Thacker and Company, and it was in this capacity that he conceived and brought to a successful issue their beautiful edition de luxe of Whyte Melville's works. He also had charge of Captain Hayes's well-known works on horses, and he is bringing out for this author, at his special request, his last new book, entitled "Among Horses in Russia," in which he describes his official work in the Russian Empire, his visits to the Russian Remount Depôt (Captain Hayes was, we believe, the first European to whom permission to visit this has been granted), the Steppes, and his horse-breaking exhibitions before H.I.H. the Grand Duke Nicolaivitch (the Tzar's uncle) and Inspector-General of the Russian Cavalry, and other celebrities. The volume will be illustrated by more than one hundred most interesting and valuable photographs.

MR. R. A. EVERETT.
From photo by A. J. Ellis.

We have been favoured by Mr. Everett with a draft of a circular entitled "Mutual Satisfaction: being Notes on the New Method of Publishing," which he is preparing for private circulation. In it Mr. Everett gives details of a method by which, as he contends, the author may be placed on a better financial position than ever before. Into the details of Mr. Everett's proposition we need not enter. His method is in the main a new system of publishing on commission, under which "the author should reap the benefit of all profits after the cost of production has been met, the publisher charging his commission only." Readers of THE BOOKMAN who wish to study Mr. Everett's proposals should write to 42, Essex Street, Strand, for a copy of the circular.

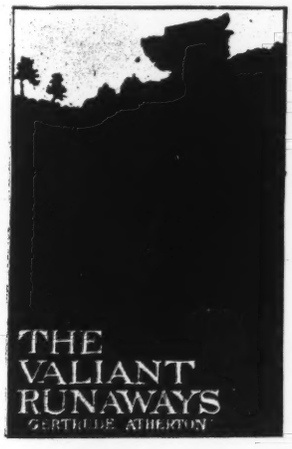
SOME NEW BOOK COVERS.

"The Wandering Romanoff" is published by Messrs. Greening and Co., designed by W. Smart, and bound in grey linen with design in black and white by Messrs. Allen Gruneisen and Co., Ltd.

The cover for Mr. George Allen's edition of "Sense and Sensibility," which is illustrated by Hugh Thomson, is the work of Mr. A. A. Turbayne, and is executed in gold upon a dark

green cloth by Mr. Matthew Bell.

"The Valiant Runaways," published by Messrs. J. Nisbet and Co., Ltd., has a cover designed by Mr. F. R. Kimborough. It is bound by Messrs. Eggleton

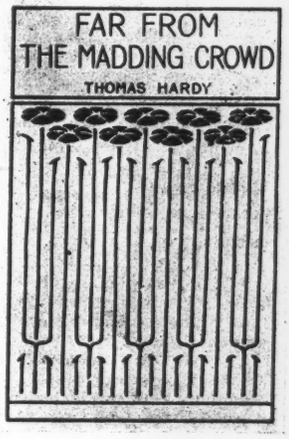


"The Red Rat's Daughter." It is executed in raised gold on a dark blue cloth. The book is published as well as bound by Messrs. Ward, Lock and Co., Ltd.

The cover of "Bohemian Paris of To-day," published by Messrs. Chatto and Windus, is the work of Mr. F. R. Kimborough. It is exe-

cuted in black and flesh colour on a pink linen by James Burn and Co., Ltd.

"Far from the Madding Crowd" is the first volume of Messrs. Harpers Bros'. new series of 2s. 6d. novels;

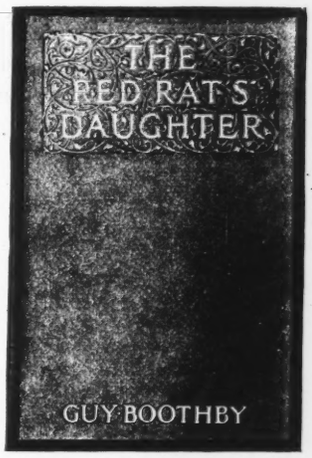


the design is the work of Mr. Oliver Collins, and has been executed by James Burn and Co., Ltd., in blind and gold upon a dark green ribbed cloth.

The cover for "Yule Tide Yarns" is designed by Miss

in a grey-green linen, with the design in dark green and gold.

Mr. A. A. Turbayne is the designer of the cover for Guy Boothby's new novel,



Eustace, and is executed in dark brown, white, and gold on a terra-cotta linen. It is both bound and published by Messrs. Longman and Co.

The cover for "The Sword of Justice," published by Messrs. Gay and Bird, is the work of an American artist, and is carried out in a most effective manner in green, black, red, and gold on a light brown linen.

NEW BOOKS.

MR. LANG'S HOMERIC HYMNS.*

A new translation of the Homeric Hymns cannot be said to be imperatively required. The version of Mr. John C. Edgar, though perhaps not as well known as it should be, is, as Mr. Lang himself says, excellent both in style and in accuracy. But the Hymns are of so much interest in themselves, and raise so many questions as to the history of early beliefs and rites, that one can well understand the attraction which the prospect of translating them had for one who is at once a man of letters and a mythologist, like Mr. Lang. His version, it may be said at once, is above criticism. For its accuracy the revision by Professor Butcher and Professor Burnet, two of the most trustworthy of living Greek scholars, is sufficient guarantee. In every case where Mr. Edgar had tripped, Mr. Lang goes right; though indeed these cases are not many. As for style, Mr. Lang has wisely hardened his heart against the critics who fell foul of his "Wardour Street" English, and gives us once more that pleasant flavour of archaism, which was so welcome in his Odyssey. Once or twice he has gone a little beyond the line, and Mr. Butcher is certainly right in protesting against the rendering of πέλωρ by "Etin." Would Mr. Lang seriously maintain that πέλωρ left the same impression of puzzlement upon a Greek reader or hearer of the Homeric hymns that the use of a name from an obscure Scotch tale leaves on an English reader of his version? "Shieling," on the other hand, seems quite legitimate, and so does "aumbries"; but on "gledes of light" our vote must again go with Mr. Butcher.

Mr. Lang happily sketches the literary charm of the hymns: "the glad Ionian gatherings; the archaic humour, the delights in life, in love and nature; the pious domesticities of the sacred Hearth; the peopling of woods, hills and streams with exquisite fairy forms." It is not unfair, however, to suspect that the real *raison d'etre* of this book is the prefixed essays. In these Mr. Lang urges once more his well-known views, that the explanation of myths is to be drawn from a wide knowledge of the beliefs of savage tribes, and must be anthropological rather than etymological in its character. It is impossible within the present limits to discuss so vast a question. Mr. Lang has certainly done good

* "The Homeric Hymns." A new prose translation, and essays literary and mythological, by Andrew Lang, with illustrations. 7s. 6d. (London: George Allen.)

service in protesting against the exclusive use of any "key to all the mythologies." It is another matter whether his own provisional theories, as he modestly calls them, will not need to be sifted as rigorously as those of his predecessors. There are many indications that the explanation of early beliefs is to be sought not in one, but in many quarters; and that in mythology, as in theology, scholars have been more often right in what they affirmed than in what they denied. Mr. Lang argues for a primitive conception of a Supreme Being, relatively lofty and pure, but corrupted by the effort to reconcile contradictory myths, a *vera causa* probably, but hardly one equal to the production of such extensive effects. But whatever exception it may be necessary to take to the way in which he has applied his theory in particular cases, Mr. Lang can hardly be wrong in his general principle, to treat the phenomena of Greek religion as results of evolution from a prehistoric past, which, as it seems, must in many points have been identical with the historic present of the lowest contemporary races. This is a true scientific method, and along these lines the ultimate explanation must be sought.

A. S. WILKINS.

THE MOORS OF MOROCCO.*

It would be impossible to praise this handsome and erudite volume too highly. Mr. Meakin brings to his task enthusiasm, knowledge, experience, a keen eye, and the pen of a ready but not irresponsible writer. He has given, to the few I fear, but anyhow to all that take an interest in Mohammedan religion, history, and prospects, nearly six hundred pages on Morocco and its people, which must be consulted from this time forward by everyone who approaches the subject. A remarkable and captivating study it is. The author gives us maps, tables of dates, persons, and events, a crowd of illustrations that render in all except colour with lively impressiveness the architecture, costumes, coins, ornaments, and what may be termed the pictorial surface, of this almost untrodden kingdom. In the appendix he goes over the whole library, Oriental or European, which deals with Morocco; and, so far as an amateur may venture to speak, he is a singularly judicious critic. If he has prejudices, they are not extravagant. He writes with kindness and sympathy of the missionaries, whether Catholic or Protestant, who have done what they could to soften the horrors of slavery in earlier periods or bring relief and medical succour to the modern town populations. Yet he is sagacious enough to perceive that our Western ideas can never, in the shape we give them at present, regenerate the Mohammedan world. His tone is very unlike that of the permanent official. Without being fascinated, as Burton was, by the "incomparable East" to such an extent as would make him more Islamic than Christian, he finds in the Moors a good deal that he likes and even something to admire. But, when all is said, his evidence furnishes a terrible indictment against the Moslem spirit. Indeed, he sums it up in two sentences; "Islam has never sought the welfare of the people" is one of them; and the other is this, "All apparent progress under its sway is being made in spite of it, not by its help."

To commend so full and varied a history by citation is more than I can attempt within my present limits. But there is an extraordinary wealth of romance, of medieval lore, of adventure on sea and land, of archæological detail, and of striking portraiture, in the chapters which Mr. Meakin has found the art of combining into a luminous whole. No memory will endure to keep the names of all these dynasties, let alone the Mohammeds, the Omars, the Saids, that flit past in so bewildering a procession. When the Moorish Empire took in a large part of Spain, it was at its height. When it sent forth the Salli rovers it became the terror and the disgrace of European monarchies, incapable of protecting their own subjects. Now it is decrepit, awaiting the moment when French armies, penetrating from Algeria, shall begin their difficult and perhaps impossible task of subduing tribes which they neither like nor understand. The greatest Mohammedan Power in the world is Britain; but Britain has enough to do elsewhere, and, says our author, she would not have Morocco at a gift. It is very curious to observe how the chaotic undisciplined peoples of the Koran now find themselves ringed round about by the Nazarenes, so long despised, and at length victorious, thanks to their Greek inheritance of thought, science and progress. Two things are wanting to Islam—a free press and a sense of political rights; hence, at Fez, Teheran, or Stamboul, the multitudes vegetate under a theocratic tyranny, and they never dream of revolution. Their heroes are monstrous apparitions—like that Mulai Ismail, of whom these pages give the amazing story,—men steeped in blood, authentic "Tamburlaines," but "religious," that is to say, orthodox and precise in ritual observance, who made city and palace a shambles. It is with an Eastern world governed still by such ideas that Europe has to reckon. But again, Mr. Meakin proves how slight is the endeavour in our home politicians to see things as

MR. BUDGETT MEAKIN.

they are; how infatuated is the counsel of a divided and intriguing diplomacy; how much could be achieved by civilisation, were Westerns not wholly under the sway of rival interests. All the natives themselves can do is to follow some fresh Mahdi, should any arise, and begin once more the sad chronicle of religious fanaticism. The European, at last, may blame himself and his own political vices, if Islam still cumbers the ground. However, "Fiat lux." The author has joined that small but illustrious company who believe in knowledge as the only safe prelude to action. He has read, and seen, and travelled. Within a really moderate compass he tells us a hundred times more than the educated man has hitherto known about Morocco. It is, likewise, new ground, in spite of its neighbourhood to Spain and Algiers. But I daresay this admirable work will gain less of an audience by far than it deserves. More is the pity!

WILLIAM BARRY.

* "The Moorish Empire." A Historical Epitome. By Budgett Meakin. With 115 illustrations. 15s. (London: Swan Sonnenschein and Co.)

FOUR RELIGIOUS BIOGRAPHIES.*

That within a year of its publication several editions of Bishop Walsham How's Life should have been called for, and that it should even have been issued in a cheap form, is sufficient proof of its popularity. This is due partly to the esteem in which he was held, the wide circulation, amounting to a million copies, which his writings had achieved, his place as a hymn-writer, and the confidence won by his simplicity, unselfishness, and sense, but partly also to the skill of his biographer. The impression made by the biography is that it is worthy of its subject, and could not have been better done.

* 1. "Bishop Walsham How. A Memoir." By Frederick Douglas How. 6s. (Isbister and Co., Ltd.)
2. "Bishop John Selwyn. A Memoir." 7s. 6d. (Same Author and Publishers.)
3. "William F. Moulton. A Memoir." By W. Fiddian Moulton. With a chapter on Biblical Work and Opinions. By James Hope Moulton. 7s. 6d. (Isbister and Co., Ltd.)
4. "A Preacher's Life. An Autobiography and an Album." By Joseph Parker, D.D. 6s. (Hodder and Stoughton.)

We see the man and the bishop as he lived, with his warm affections, his humour, his readiness and tact, his courtesy and consideration for others, his untiring energy, physical and intellectual. We recognise the unostentatious simplicity that shrank from being arrayed in vestments, and upset the little ambitions of his friends by exclaiming, "I hate the name 'palace'"; the adaptability that made him "the Children's Bishop," and prompted the East-End tram-conductor to preserve his last ticket as a remembrance; the humour that delights in the answer of the candidate for Holy Orders, who when asked to write out the Nicene Creed, began, "I believe in all things visible and invisible," or that records the sensation his episcopal dress made in the East End when he heard people exclaiming, "What's that?" and a more confident boy shouting to his neighbour, "Here's a Scotchman, look at his legs." Bishop How was a man whose genuine faith and irrepressible vigour and common sense would have made him valuable in any age of the Church's history, but in our own day such a clear head was pre-eminently serviceable. For while in essentials a High Churchman of the type of the last generation, he was fully alive to the danger of the extravagances indulged in by the advanced section of Ritualists. Perhaps even some more sober High Churchmen would object to his pointing out the dangers "of asserting that God's actual forgiveness waits upon, or is withheld until, the priestly declaration, and of teaching that sin is not (ordinarily) pardoned without priestly absolution."

Exercising the Episcopal office in very different circumstances from those in which Bishop How's lot was cast, the Bishop of Melanesia, John Selwyn, had as genuine a devotedness and as manly and winsome a character. Born in New Zealand, the son of its first Bishop, he was educated at Eton and Cambridge, where he rowed stroke in the University boat in 1864. On Bishop Patteson's death he felt that it was his place to devote himself to the Melanesian Mission, of which he subsequently became the head. Nothing could have suited him better. His love of the sea, his delight in adventure, his cheery endurance of hardship under which some men might have sunk, his hereditary interest in the natives and mission work, all fitted him to be an ideal bishop of Melanesia. Unfortunately his health broke down under the strain he put upon it, but on coming home a cripple and anticipating years of uselessness, he was, to his own intense surprise and amusement, offered the Mastership of Selwyn College. "If you had called me to take command of a man-of-war I should have understood something about it—but a College—!" But although for days the offer elicited from him nothing but peals of laughter, he was persuaded to accept it, and at his death was deeply mourned by all. The brass placed to his memory in Eton College Chapel celebrates him as "a man remarkable for his frank countenance and manly figure, well known from boyhood among his compeers for singleness of mind and purity of life, a strenuous, fearless Leader in all vigorous action." The brass may outlast the written memoir, but Mr. How has given us a full and lifelike portrait which enables us to appreciate the tribute paid him by his old school.

The conspicuous memorial to Dr. Moulton is that which he himself raised, the Leys School. Those who know that institution will recognise in how many respects it bears the impress of its founder. Originally intended for Wesleyans, it has approved itself to many beyond, by the thoroughness and width of the education it gives as well as by the healthy moral tone it maintains. Dr. Moulton possessed in an eminent degree the qualities requisite for a headmastership. He was ceaselessly industrious, he had a high standard of conduct and of work, and while immovably firm, he was full of consideration and gentleness. His scholarship, especially in Greek, was cultivated to a minute accuracy rarely attained, and his faculty for imparting knowledge was quite as remarkable as his power of acquiring it. The esteem in which he was held by his colleagues on the Revision Committee, especially by Drs. Ellicott and Westcott, is frequently brought out in this volume, and it is also seen how willing he was to undertake labour which in the nature of things could never win him much applause or remuneration. His sons have acquitted themselves well in their pious task, and have given to the public a biography interesting in itself, and which furnishes an adequate picture of a man whose memory is cherished by many.

Dr. Parker's autobiography is a very characteristic production. The first part is "personal and pastoral," the second contains interesting reminiscences of contemporary preachers and statesmen—Ward Beecher, Professor Elmslie, Dr. Dale, Mr. Gladstone, and many more. In making the acquaintance of anyone who has made a mark on his generation, we naturally desire to learn the secret of his strength. But Dr. Parker cannot impart to us the secret of his fertility, and apparently he does not wish to let us see to the roots of his spiritual life. The volume, however, abounds in clever sayings and significant anecdotes, and will be relished by the multitude who gather to the author's preaching. MARCUS DODS.

THE DEVELOPMENT OF THE ENGLISH NOVEL.*

This is an excellent and, within its limits, a serviceable book. To trace the development of the English novel in less than 300 pages was a sufficiently formidable task; but Mr. Cross has, with wise self-restraint, though at some cost of proportion, passed summarily over the early stages already treated by the competent hands of M. Jusserand and Prof. Raleigh, and devoted two-thirds of his book to the novel of the nineteenth century. The "Elizabethans" are dismissed in three pages, and thirty suffice to bring us from the Norman Conquest to Defoe. But this is not the brevity of ignorance. Mr. Cross has worked for himself over the trodden ground, and he not only habitually puts things in his own way, but frequently adds fresh and illuminating detail to matter in itself hackneyed. His style has not the distinction or the delicate elaboration of Prof. Raleigh's; but, partly for that reason, he contrives to compress a large quantity of shrewd and interesting observation into a small space. This takes the form, for the most part, of notes upon sources and affinities. Thus he emphasises the influence of the Spanish picaresque romance from Fielding to Thackeray; the close inter-relation between the French and the English novel in the eighteenth century; and the effect of the contemporary drama in determining the plot-structure of Fielding and Richardson. The robust realism of Smollett stands far enough from the "Gothic" Romanticism of which Walpole's *Castle of Otranto* is commonly regarded as the earliest embodiment; but Mr. Cross quotes a curious anticipation of the Gothic strain from *Ferdinand Count Fathom*, published a dozen years before. George Eliot's relations to Mrs. Gaskell are traced in a suggestive way; but we much question whether, in regarding the elder writer as "the immediate source" of the younger's "ethical formula"—viz., the doctrine of the eternal consequences of every deed—he does not overstate his case. It would be more precise to say that George Eliot found in Mrs. Gaskell's work (particularly in *Ruth*) a formula which she had learnt from other and greater masters applied to prose fiction of a kind peculiarly congenial and stimulating to herself. A very full and valuable bibliographical appendix concludes the volume. It contains not only indications of the most accessible editions of the novels surveyed in the text, but references to a considerable portion of the immense critical literature of the subject.

C. H. HERFORD.

GOOD CITIZENSHIP.†

This is a book of twenty-three essays on social and other questions of the day by various authors. It has a preface by Canon Gore, in which we are told that the book is intended as an appeal to Englishmen to take their citizenship more seriously. Of the authors, four are ladies and several are clergymen. The book appears to have been prepared and brought out under the auspices of the Christian Social Union. In any case the result reflects the highest credit on all who have been concerned in it. It is the work of competent and earnest thinkers who can write with great tact and lucidity; and as many, if not all of them, have been practical workers in connection with the subjects of which they treat, they have not only a theoretical, but a live and real knowledge to impart to us.

In his preface Canon Gore asks where better moral material can be found for good citizenship than in England? "There is a great fund of justice and goodness of heart in our countrymen, and a very general readiness to consider what is for the

* "The Development of the English Novel." By Wilbur L. Cross. 6s. (New York: Macmillan Co.)

† "Good Citizenship." Edited by the Rev. J. E. Hand. 6s. (London: George Allen.)

common good." Without carrying our national self-complacency too far, we may also claim that sanity, reasonableness, and the love of fair play are habitual characteristics of Englishmen, which have brought us safe through many a crisis where nations more highly gifted with enthusiasm and ideality have stumbled. These good qualities are very conspicuous throughout the essays. A candid and fair-minded love of truth, a real and practical sympathy with the poor, a desire to attain reasonable ends by reasonable methods, are never wanting.

Perhaps one or two of the essays show signs of haste. But for this the occupation of the reviewer, so far as fault-finding is concerned, would be gone. This being so, we shall best do our duty by a brief reference to some of the more salient essays. The Rev. Mr. Rashdall opens with an admirable discussion on the General Functions of the State, which aptly serves also as an introduction to the book. Mr. Rashdall does well in taking us back to the Aristotelian conception of the function of the State. In the examination of social and political problems we can still learn a good deal from Aristotle. Mr. Laurence Gomme, Statistical Officer of the London County Council, writes well and with authority, but all too briefly, on the Municipality and Old Age Pensions. Mr. J. A. Hobson is responsible for two excellent essays on Capital and Labour.

One of the best things in the book is the essay by the editor, the Rev. J. E. Hand, on the Housing of the Poor. It contains a notable contribution to the Jewish question, which is worth quoting: "In these days, when hatred of the Jewish race is so intense, I must say a word respecting the Jewish population of Whitechapel, in number about 36,000. I have worked for upwards of two years in St. Jude's parish, which only contains some 165 Gentile families, chiefly fairly well-to-do artisans. I always found my neighbours of the Ghetto excellent citizens. I have been welcomed in some 500 Jewish homes, been invited to their confirmations, attended their synagogue, and joined on various occasions in festivities connected with their social unions.

"The Jews are ever thrifty (perhaps to excess), on the other side they are always charitable. Again, they are most law-abiding and moral, particularly the women, and rarely partake of intoxicating liquors. The children of school age are clean and well fed. Boys generally preponderate over girls, and Jewish mothers rarely bear stillborn children, or go out to work. A feature in their domestic life is the remarkably low death-rate for infants under five years of age."

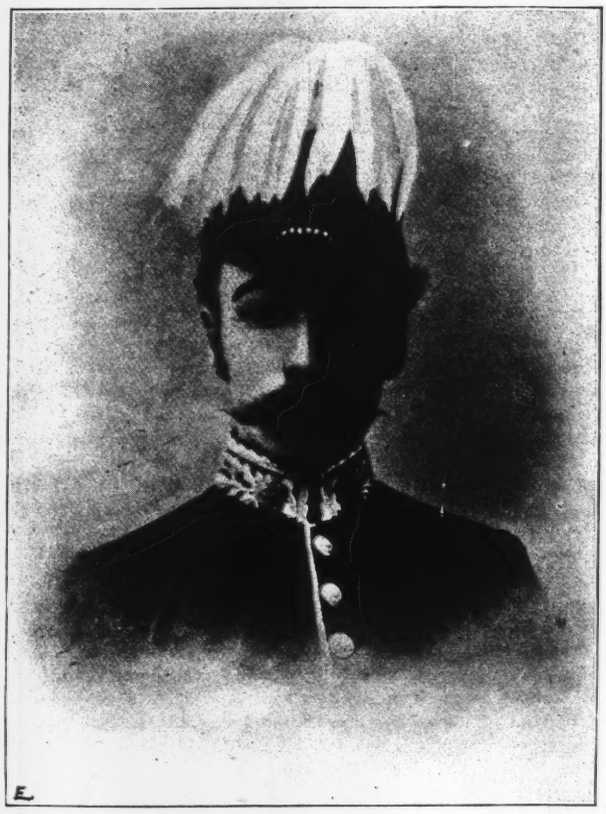
There can be no doubt that the success of the Jews is largely due to two things—the soundness of their family life and the zeal for education which has been long prevalent among them. It would be well if the anti-Semites tried to emulate them in these all-important matters.

Miss Mona Wilson's essay on Factories and Workshops is a most capable and businesslike production, which deserves all praise. As secretary of the Women's Trade Union League, her words have the best right to be heard. On the Treatment of Criminals the Rev. W. D. Morrison speaks with the authority of a very competent specialist. There is nothing better in the book than the contribution of Mr. G. W. E. Russell on Christian Socialism and Local Government. It reproduces in substance a paper read before the Guild of St. Matthew's in 1897. He writes as the man of affairs, having been himself at the Local Government Board; but his words are full also of sincerity, eloquence, and a fine moral enthusiasm. Mention should also be made of the admirable essay of the Hon. W. P. Reeves on the Nation's Duties to the Empire, and of the contributions of Canon Scott Holland and Archdeacon Wilson. Lucidity, reasonableness, and a high ethical tone are the prevailing notes of the book.

T. KIRKUP.

THE COMMUNE OF LONDON.*

The essay on the Commune of London is only one of the fifteen unpublished papers here collected, nor does it even stand first, though undoubtedly the most important, Mr. Round having adopted a rough chronological order. Sir W. Besant in his prefatory and commendatory Letter hardly exaggerates its value. With remarkable industry and insight Mr. Round has gone very far to clear up the mysterious origin of the London Corporation. His previous work (1892) on *Geoffrey de Mandeville*, with its learned Appendix, and his present paper on *London under Stephen*, had cleared the way, by defining and limiting the position of the "English Cnihtengild," by proving the continuity of the office of "Justiciar of London," and tracing the beginnings of the Communal movement. At this point he observes, "This then up to now has been the sum total of our knowledge; a *commune* was granted to London in October, 1191; the ferm of the city was simultaneously reduced from over £500 to the old £300, as granted by Henry I.; and the Mayor of London first meets us in the spring of 1193. Of the nature of the commune we know nothing; of its very existence after the autumn of 1191 we are in equal ignorance." It is, however, clear that the *Commune* was a voluntary sworn



MR. J. HORACE ROUND.
Photo by Vernon Kaye, 4, Onslow Place, South Kensington.

association quite apart from or even opposed to the authorised City government. It is always called a "conjuratio," or conspiracy, its object being to wrest from the Crown at a favourable juncture an enlargement of liberties and privileges. Its head or chairman was called the Major.

Mr. Round here introduces his new document, but curiously enough without any remark on its authenticity or the place where he found it. It is the oath taken to the London Commune in 1193, during Richard's absence. Here we find a "*major*," "*skirvini*" (*scabini* is the usual form for these French échevins), and "*alii probi homines*." He thinks the échevins and the "other" councillors were each twelve in number, and prints another valuable document, the "oath taken by the Twenty-four" in 1205. Now this oath is very similar to the oath of the "Vingt Quatre," whom M. Giry has shown to have been the annually elected, administrative Mayor's Council at Rouen. By an elaborate argument Mr. Round seems to have effectually proved that Rouen furnished the model for our City Corporation.

I cannot pursue further the other startling sidelights and suggestions by which Mr. Round is illuminating this obscure subject. This much seems to me fairly clear: that in the second half of the twelfth century the old systems of London government were wearing out; that a revolutionary body in the troublous days of Richard's absence, adopting a Norman model, managed to overlay without formally superseding them; and that by a process which Mr. Round and Sir W. Besant may hereafter succeed in tracing, it ended by absorbing them. I confess that I see no difficulty in the earlier obscurities, and would venture to suggest a natural explanation. Depend upon

* "The Commune of London, and other Studies." By J. H. Round, M.A. 12s. net. (Constable and Co.)

it the instinct of Londoners, wherever two or three are gathered together, to at once form themselves into a Committee under a Chairman, for some real or nominal object, and then luxuriate in the grave English fun of speeches, motions and amendments, "doing business" in their dignified, formal, self-respecting and self-important style—this instinct is older than Mayors and Corporations. The self-constituted Committee then is the germ we should trace. Who were those "Magnates" of London whom we find from time to time (as under Maud and Stephen), meddling so conspicuously in politics? Not the Aldermen or Sheriffs as such. Not the Cnihtengild as such. Not the body of citizens in their Mote. It seems to me that the aggressive reform party, comprising the most powerful aldermen and citizens, and probably led by the "progressive" Norman merchants of Dowgate, must very early have acted together as a "conjuratio" or self-appointed Committee under a Chairman or Mayor. This body would no doubt fluctuate. In quiet days it would be dormant. In dangerous times it would be a secret Committee of Public Safety. The chroniclers would not notice it, save when at a favourable crisis it came boldly to the front, and acted as the representative of London opinion. Meanwhile it was revolving and maturing its projects of reform, looking to the newborn *Communes* of Northern France as the model of city government. I think it very possible that as early as 1180, if not before, this City Home Rule Committee was regarded by Londoners and privately spoken of as the London "*Commune*." More and more it would tend to sit, as the French say, *en permanence*, and to assert its power.

At last it saw its chance. In 1191 comes Prince John seeking aid. The Revolutionary Committee pushes forward to represent the City, and once for all *becomes* the City, as John accepts and confirms the "*Commune*" on oath. Though the title of Mayor is not found till two years later, I should not be surprised if Mr Round discovers it ten years earlier. Much no doubt still remains to be cleared up; but in his remarkable essay Mr. Round has revolutionised the whole subject. There certainly rests no doubt that the new Corporation became at once the *central* governing body, and that the Aldermen went on outside it, elected by their Wards, which they still administered as purely *local* officers, for their oath suggests to me no more than a duty (rather than right) to give advice to the Mayor when consulted—probably only on local points, or at emergencies. When they became absorbed in the Council, remains for Mr. Round to discover.

For comment on the other papers, no space remains. Most are far too minute and technical for ordinary readers. They are indeed published avowedly as specimens of research among original records, and the numerous new discoveries and corrections of long-accepted errors can only delight—or exasperate—the experts. Some papers, I confess, seemed to me depressing, and with the utmost respect for Mr. Round's learning, accuracy, and enthusiasm, I do think he might take more pains to be clear. His arrangement is often faulty, he takes the wrong things for granted, and sometimes fails to make his points clearly or leave a distinct impression. This in so dogmatic a disputant is singular enough, but so I find it. That he is doing immense good by exposing the mistakes and slipshod work of certain Oxford historians there can be no doubt; but he rather blunts his sword by hacking most furiously at what seem the least glaring of their errors. However, the disingenuous evasions by which his strictures have been met may remove all scruples.

To historical enquirers the whole book is invaluable, less perhaps for the new information which it embodies, than as presenting an exemplar of antiquarian research. But some of the papers possess rare controversial importance, as bringing certain famous disputes very near to final settlement, such for instance as the origin of the Exchequer, Cornage Tenure (where Mr. Round's main position confirms an ignorant guess of my own), and the "Irish Bull" of Pope Hadrian IV. Y. Y.

Q'S NEW NOVEL.*

"Now you might talk with Mrs. Raymond for ten minutes, perhaps, and think her a simpleton, and then suddenly a cloud (as it were) parted, and you found yourself gazing into depths. . . .

"He woke to find the sun shining in at the window. . . . He saw a blue line of sea."

* "The Ship of Stars." By A. T. Quiller-Couch. 6s. (Cassell and Co.)

When I had read the last line of "The Ship of Stars" I turned back to mark these passages. They sum up the book in my memory.

You find yourself gazing into depths. That is the secret of the power, the fascination of Q's new novel. In spite of a title suggestive of fanciful romance, "The Ship of Stars" is a story of the deep things of reality. At first you are deceived. The style is severely simple, the plot almost commonplace, the main characters made in the likeness of the crowd. And then suddenly a cloud parts, and you are gazing into depths. Under a quiet surface, the throb and heave of an ocean.

But there is little that is striking or suggestive in the second quotation? Let me explain.

The interest of "The Ship of Stars" is focussed upon a single figure. Taffy is the pivot of the story. The story—c'est Taffy. The book contains vivid and delightful pictures of Cornish life and character and scenery, pictures in every way worthy of the hand that gave us "The Delectable Duchy"—and higher praise it would be hard to bestow—but these form the background of Taffy's existence. Upon this one character Q has lavished a wealth of care, into this one character he has breathed a wealth of thought. If Taffy fail to appeal to my interest, even if he make a secondary appeal, then, as far as I am concerned, the whole book has failed completely. The fault may well be mine, but a reviewer writes of personal impressions. But for me these words prove that Taffy fulfils the intentions of his creator. I lived with Taffy for several hours: I knew him, I understood him, I gazed into the depths of his being. Yet on glancing back across the memory of his history I came upon one blurred and hazy vision. And so I returned to the description of his first morning in the new home, for I remembered that at a hurried reading I had failed to call up any distinct picture of the cottage and its surroundings, failed to realise how, situated on the North Coast of Cornwall, it could face the east and face the sea. Nothing remarkable in house or situation or surroundings. But Taffy lived there. Everything that was of interest to Taffy is of interest to me, everything down to the outlook from his attic window. I know of very few heroes of fiction of whom any reader could say the same.

"The Ship of Stars" is the history of the making of a strong man. When we first know him, indeed to the time of his leaving Oxford, Taffy's life is compact of such things as dreams are made of. Ultra-sensitive, over-intelligent, living in an atmosphere of religious fervour, ignorant of reality, his boyhood is full of splendid imaginings. His future is among the stars. Then, at the crossways of life, he is suddenly brought to gaze into the depths. Dream life is lost in real life. The boy becomes a man, and in the change loses much and gains—alas! how little. His future, his ambitions, are no longer in the high heavens. At the end of the book Taffy is a strong man, but only a strong man of the world. In view of the might-have-been there is a touch of sordid earthiness in his character. The ship of stars is wrecked, founders and sinks. Taffy never looks upward now, his eyes are ever toward the earth. A palace built with hands has taken the place of the ship of stars.

The change was wrought by disillusion and a woman. But if you ask how, I can only refer you to the story itself, for the influence of Honoria is too subtle, too interwoven with other influences, for definite analysis. The reader of a one-man book is forced to judge all the other characters from the point of view and through the eyes of the hero. We appreciate Honoria's influence upon Taffy, but of Honoria herself we have no clear conception. She develops in the mind of the author, but not on the printed page. We can watch her making and marring Taffy, but for the most part she is more an influence than a woman. At the end we realise her—and the end of "The Ship of Stars" is incomparably the best part of the book. The Taffy of the last part of the story is of her making, and it is just and right that she should suffer in his strength. She belonged to his ship of stars, and she perished when, like some wrecker, she lured that ship to the rocks. An innocent, unthinking victim of circumstance, perhaps, but if I read Q's parable aright it is that the strength of this man was built upon sacrifice, sacrifice of others, and sacrifice of himself.

I have written only of my conception of Q's central character, for "The Ship of Stars" is a story that would be utterly spoiled in the retelling of plot and incident and character. It bears the indelible stamp of infinite pains, indeed in places it suffers somewhat from the constant rewriting, for in his anxiety to omit every superfluity Q sometimes becomes

elliptical and telegraphic. In every way it is splendid art, and yet it throbs with emotion and life.

We have waited a long time for "The Ship of Stars." It was worth waiting for. J. E. H. W.

OCHINO'S TRAGEDY.*

The British Museum has two copies of this exceedingly rare book, which, though in itself of no great account, is worth looking at for a moment. The translator, Bishop Ponet, had been Cranmer's chaplain. His record is not free from shade. But he knew how to handle his mother tongue with vigour, fluency, and cadence; by which gifts, applied to this late Mystery Play, he won a reputation and also, in no long while, the bishoprics of Rochester and Winchester. The man whom he translated was certainly more respectable than Ponet. Bernardino Ochino was a Sienese, at first an Observant, afterwards a Capuchin friar. He joined the Reforming Movement, went beyond Luther, approached Socinus, and shares with him the burden or the fame which has attached itself to the pioneers, in the sixteenth century, of modern Free Thought. In 1547 he came to England, stayed here six years, and composed in Latin this violent, dramatic diatribe against the Roman Antichrist. The persons of the play include Lucifer and Beelzebub, the People and the Church of Rome, Pope Boniface III., Dr. Sapience, and the Papal chamberlain, Henry VIII., Cranmer, and Edward VI. Dr. Richard Garnett, in his "Life of Milton," draws attention to certain parallels between the supernatural elements in this work and those of "Paradise Lost." But Ochino was neither a poet nor a dramatist; his divinity may be pronounced obsolete; his characters have nothing real or solid; and it is only Ponet's racy English and the strong description of Roman iniquities, laid on with plenty of colouring, that will detain any reader nowadays. The fulsome flattery of King and Protector, we will hope, is Ponet's contribution rather than Ochino's. There is something excessively grotesque in Henry VIII.'s resolutions, given out valiantly and in the bluffest of sentences, to purge the realm of Popery that virtue may the more flourish therein. The editing does not come to much; but I may remark that the word "stations" on a certain page signifies, not "honours or dignities," but "stated festival days," held in the various ancient churches of the city of Rome.

WILLIAM BARRY.

THE SEVEN YEARS' WAR.†

It is only three years since M. Waddington's "Louis XV. et le Renversement des Alliances" came out, the success of which suggested the present work. However ample was his previous knowledge of the period, the collation of the original manuscripts and other authorities, and the composition of 750 octavo pages in so short a time argues unusual zeal and industry. For the work is highly ambitious in scope and character. It seems likely to expand to five or six volumes. It involves a vast amount of research; for its novel feature, and indeed its *raison d'être*, is the large use made of diplomatic manuscripts in the archives of Paris, Berlin, London, and Vienna. The extracts from these are judiciously chosen, and often throw new light on obscure points, and so numerous are they that at times the narrative is practically a tessellation of them. To this it owes a remarkable access of vigour in the human interest of the private letters and secret reports of various eye-witnesses.

Of the military element of the work we do not pretend to judge, and can only observe that it reads clearly enough, and that the numerous plans of battles are of remarkable excellence. The political and diplomatic interests seem to predominate, at least so far; and naturally, since at the opening of the war Europe was agitated by a general revision of alliances, and a reconstruction of the balance of powers. One justification which M. Waddington puts forward for adding to the already ample literature on the period, is that the war has not hitherto been treated from the French standpoint. The plea was unnecessary, and is hardly relied on. A good deal could no doubt be said on the French side, but M. Waddington hardly says it all. His tone is scrupulously fair, and makes no appeal to the venomous Chauvinism of latter-day Paris. His present volume embraces only the first year of the war—but what a year! what rapid succession of events! what dramatic changes of fortune! what cruel reverses! what unhoped for successes! With such a story to trace, with such a hero as the odious, mischievous, yet always fascinating Frederic, revolting us by his cynicism, then capturing us by his resourceful perseverance, how could the volume be dull? M. Waddington's style, however, descends to no popular arts, but is grave, dignified, and of the high school. His work is worthy of the best French traditions and of his own illustrious name. Y. Y.

* "The Tragedy." By Bernardino Ochino. Reprinted from Bishop Ponet's Translation out of the Latin MS. in 1549. Edited by C. E. Plumptre. 5s. (London: Grant Richards.)

† "La Guerre de Sept Ans. Histoire Diplomatique et Militaire." Par M. Richard Waddington. Vol. I., Les Débuts. (Paris: Firmin Didot.)

THE ENGLISH RADICALS.*

"In the development of opinion," says Mr. Kent, "there is never any break of continuity; there is always some thread of thought, however slender, to be traced; one thinker follows close upon another." This as a pious opinion is undeniable, but he has set out to write the history of English Radicalism with the firm conviction that the thread of thought can always be traced. On the whole, his work so fully justifies him, that one wonders at the failure of the end. He has written an interesting and able book, quite appreciative enough of the best in philosophic Radicalism, and showing a fine scientific method in tracing the links between some of its earlier manifestations. To do this with any completeness is a triumph, for to the unexamining mind the Radicals of the various generations seem to have very little in common. Having proved this again and again in the course of this story, it is extraordinary he should so lose his path in the Radicalism of to-day, which he touches on confusedly, now in despair, and now as if it were so slight and vanishing a thing as to be worth little attention. Has he after all not seen that the thread of Radicalism is to be traced not along the line of kindred opinion, but in hereditary temper, that makes a politician of to-day the direct heir of one of the last generation whose gods he has burned, because, on the negative side, both are ever destructively critical of the institutions of their time, and, on the positive, they are idealists, or if you will have it, doctrinaires? An examination of the position of Mr. John Morley and, say, Mr. Philip Stanhope, as heirs of the faith, and of at least a third of the practical socialists as heirs of the spirit, of an earlier Radicalism, would have given the book a present-day interest it did not purposely omit but has failed to present.

For the earlier part we can have little but praise. The portion devoted to the Bentham group is admirable in its balance of appreciation and criticism. Only towards those men who have stirred public opinion rather than led it, is he grudging. But Priestley, Bentham, the two Mills, even some who are evidently antipathetic to him, like Godwin and Place, he scans with a cool, clear mind, and, on the whole, the result is justice. He regards few of them with much sympathy, but he shows them as "men who signified somewhat."

GILIAN THE DREAMER.†

Mr. Munro has achieved a most notable literary success in "Gilian the Dreamer." His genius is very different from Mr. Barrie's—I had almost said as different as Celtic imagination is from Saxon judgment. Yet I doubt if any book that has appeared since "A Window in Thrums" has gone so straight to the heart of Scotland as this. If there had been nothing else in the story but the self-executed portraits of the members of that household which receives into its bosom the orphaned Gilian, and tries not quite successfully to "make a man of him," it would have deserved and been assured of immortality. The three brothers—the General, the "Cornal," and the Paymaster, otherwise

> Captain Mars, Captain Mars,
> Who never saw wars

—and their sister, Miss Mary, of the sharp tongue and the warm sympathies, "a dear fond heart, a darling hypocrite, a foolish bounteous mother-soul, without chick or child of her own

* "The English Radicals." An Historical Sketch. By C. B. Roylance Kent. 7s. 6d. (Longmans.)

† "Gilian the Dreamer." By Neil Munro. 6s. (Isbister and Co.) 1899.

and yet with tenement for the loves of a large family," are quite worthy to be placed in the same gallery with the best of Miss Ferrier's and John Galt's characters. And then Mr. Munro has made a very great advance as a stylist since he wrote "John Splendid." He has not yet reached the perfection of prose poetry, which, whatever may be said of the undiluted article, ought undoubtedly to be "simple, sensuous, passionate." Occasionally he stumbles—it would be most unjust to say he sinks—into bathos, as when he speaks of "the mist a slattern, trailing a ragged gown," going over "the high and numerous hills." "High and numerous hills" smacks of the gazetteer. Occasionally, too, Mr. Munro allows a conceit to run away with him, and—which is of more importance—with the idea he wishes to express, as when he says, "The great bell upon the roof swung upon its arms like an acrobat in petticoats and loudly pealed the hour of seven." One feels inclined to suggest to Mr. Munro that when next he goes into severe literary training he should not forget a course of Erasmus's Letters. But the march of sentences and chapters—one cannot conscientiously add of plot—is much more decided in "Gilian the Dreamer" than it is in "John Splendid"; one does not feel tempted to say every tenth page or so in Burke's phrase, though not for Burke's reason, "For God's sake let us pass on, for God's sake let us pass on." The book above all things suggests in its literary strenuousness and ingenuousness that the author has done his very best, and after all supreme sincerity is preferable even to supreme charity.

Whether "Gilian the Dreamer" will have the popularity of "The Lost Pibroch" or of "John Splendid" is a different question. There is no sensationalism in it, no bloodshed, no flashing of swords; we have but the tuck of the recruiting drum. There are hardly any adventures except an elopement, which breaks down half way, and a third-rate shipwreck, which is apparently intended to show that Gilian, as De Quincey said of Pope, "does not like wet feet." To Scottish readers familiar with Mr. Crockett's rather too "buirdly" chiels, Gilian—at least as a hero—will seem as irritating as the Rev. Robert Spalding. He can do nothing; he has no "smeddum," as his guardian the Paymaster says. He fails as a man; he fails even as a lover. When he plans and partly carries out an elopement, and has even mustered up courage and passion enough to imprint on the lips of the wayward yet practical Nan the kisses for which, by the way, she has an almost Ouidaesque appetite, his courage fails him, and young Lochinvar, or at least young Islay, steps in and takes by violence what is to him the kingdom of heaven. But Gilian as he is portrayed—the dreamer who deceives himself and deceives others, who lives in a world of such absolute unreality that he can make believe that the hum of a bee in the ear is the roar of a wild beast far off—is, so far as I know, unique in Scottish fiction. He recalls Wordsworth's boy, of whom it is written:

> A gentle shock of mild surprise
> Had carried far into his heart the voice
> Of mountain torrents.

Take the Saxon solidity out of this boy, substitute for it the pathetic fatalism of the Gael, and you have Gilian. As a failure, except perhaps as a ballad-monger, he is perfection. You close this chapter of his dreamings with the certainty that even the tactful Miss Mary will fail in making a man, as her brothers have failed in making a "soger," of him. As a vigorous, self-willed, and delightfully capricious girl, yet with enough of Charlotte in her composition to know that woman, much more man, must have bread and milk as well as kisses to live on, Nan is also a remarkable creation. But as I have already hinted, the talks of the three brothers over their own adventures in the past, romantic as well as military, and over the fortunes of Gilian, with Miss Mary close at hand to make the charm of the whole of their work as firm and good as it could be under the circumstances, contribute to this story the element of classicality as a transcript of Scottish life. I know no book whatever in which Highland pride and Highland tenderness are so admirably realised. And when the egotistic but veracious garrulity of the "Cornal" and the General is taken in conjunction with the "meridian" prattle and reminiscence of the frequenters of Sergeant More's change-house, I doubt if there is any book which reproduces so fully or so clearly the feeling of this country after the Napoleonic wars as it lingered lovingly in small towns. It does for the post-"Boney" period of our history what "The Trumpet Major" does for an earlier decade.

WILLIAM WALLACE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "No. 5, JOHN STREET."*

Since we read Mr. Whiteing's "No. 5, John Street," we have all been wishing for a new edition of his earlier book, "The Island," published eleven years ago, and not easy to come by now. Here it is reprinted, but not quite in its original form. The author has revised it, and "added some chapters to make it more truly of its time." The alterations have caused one or two trifling anachronisms, but these are of no account at all. "The Island" was worth reviving, worth revising; and though even in the form Mr. Whiteing desires it should now be read, it does not come near the clear excellence of the later work that has made his fame, it is full of interest, charm, and strong individuality. Its best qualities are those that made of "No. 5, John Street" not merely a shrewd and dramatic presentment of life in London at the two ends of the social, or rather the monetary scale, but a book that drew our sympathies and warmed our hearts. "I have ever thought," he says in his preface to this one, "that our modern problems of human destiny should bear an emotional setting. All spring from the heart, and must return to it for their final appeal." There is the secret of his success—a worthy success, inasmuch as brains, balance of judgment, and a keen sense of humour have collaborated with his sentiment.

"The Island" is a picture of an Arcadian ideal. The observer, after a vision of Londoners as "a mass of gyrating atoms, with nothing but repulsions for their principle of movement"; after an experience of the newer literary life of Paris—with the Italian D'Annunzio as its type, as its sum, as its ideal—flees in bewilderment and despair to the distraction of a sea-voyage, and is cast up on an island in the Pacific. There he finds an English-speaking people, half-caste, of magnificent physique, and extreme simplicity of manners. Victoria, the heroine, is a daughter of the gods for strength and beauty, besides being an extremely gifted, sensible, and generous-hearted human creature. I must say it is a matter for rejoicing that Mr. Whiteing has resisted the temptation of being too solemnly idyllic in his description of the Island and its people. The Island—Utopia on a little scale, Utopia perhaps mainly because of its few temptations, and the smallness of its community, which permits of it being governed as one compact, contented household—is seen through an eye twinkling with kindly humour. The chapter on its government, art, and laws is delightful. One of the chief worries of the Governor is the bad habit of the young folks who will carve true lovers' knots on the trees to their hurt. He keeps a vigilant watch all through the woods, not to prevent lovering, but to discourage this particular form of symbolism. Shooting cats, in revenge for depredations on poultry, is the only form of crime. There is no disposition on the part of the people to multiply or refine on legislation. The Governor "has just laid down his pipe to fish the Revised Statutes out of the pocket of his pilot coat. 'We make 'em as we want 'em,' he says simply, 'but I hope we shall soon want no more. There's quite enough already to my mind.'" So there was. You must respect the Governor; send your children to school; mustn't drink strong liquor; if you use the public sledge hammer, you must put it back in its place, and you mustn't shoot a cat that hasn't killed your chicken. Quite enough. As for a court of appeal, well, the captain of the next British man-o'-war that touches, does for that. "'Have you ever carried a case to the House of Lords?' asks the visitor. 'We shouldn't like to trouble you, sir, thank you all the same.'"

Mr. Whiteing's appeal to us is far stronger and subtler than if it were a request that we should admire and imitate the manners and morals of a primitive people. He stings us to shame by the narration of their touching curiosity about us, their pathetic belief that our goodness is commensurate with our wealth and power. Our "rank and riches were mere equivalents for more opportunity. . . . The islanders simply multiplied our means by their own yearnings, and the product was a colossal sum in good. Everything seemed to count; from a question the Ancient put to me as to the number of cabs and omnibuses in the British capital, I more than suspect that these, too, contributed to his grand total. The drivers were obliging persons whose chief concern was to give tired Righteousness a lift." To do our representative justice, he does not often disclose—save to his confidante Victoria—the truth of things. But his eyes are opened with visionary clearness to the anarchy, the gross

* "The Island, or An Adventure of a Person of Quality." By Richard Whiteing. 6s. (Grant Richards.)

selfishness, the barbarities of the city to which these Islanders look as to the well-spring of light and goodness. Once when asked to address them, he has it in his mind to give them a picture of a Bank Holiday in the country of light and leading. But his better nature prevails. It is only to Victoria that he relates the life-story and the pedigree of Swart, type of the slave in every old civilisation, ever under the heel of someone, living on, on in degradation, incapable alike of rising or extinction. It is the most terrible chapter of the book, this tale of Swart, sandwichman and "a lord of India," for no great regenerating wave will ever wash him up to the level of salvation.

In this humorous, serious, kindly book Mr. Whiteing stirs hearts and touches consciences with unerring instinct. Not merely by the pictures of ourselves, reflected from the mind of our fellow-countryman, the sojourner in the Island, but far more by the revelation of the simple faith of these strangers. A rich land is a land where the poor dwell at ease. A land where wise men dwell must choose wisdom for its pilot. A land that seeks to Christianise the world must flow with charity and loving-kindness. The blessed Islanders do not read our newspapers.

A. M.

MAX MÜLLER'S INDIAN FRIENDS.*

In this second volume of his reminiscences Professor Max Müller comes to the real deep interests of his life, and the difference between it and the first may be measured by that fact. The earlier book contained a fund of amiable, genial gossip and anecdotes, with vivid portraits of some of the many eminent persons that have crossed his path. It was a book to spend a pleasant hour or two with, and nothing more. But here we have a memorable record of the devotion and the deeper thoughts of a strenuous lifetime, and a most generous testimony to the great qualities of an alien race. He seeks our sympathy for Indian thought and character in the way that always makes strongest appeal, by the narrative of the lives of personal friends. True, one of the sections is given up mainly to translations of some of the hymns of the Rig-Veda, and these are of strong literary and poetic interest. But he will capture the attention and sympathy of many whom these nature-poems would leave cold, by the stories of Debendranâth Tagore, Nîlakantha Goreh, Keshub Chunder Sen, and Râmabâi. He does not fanatically hold a brief for Indians, and when speaking in their defence against certain accusations made by English critics he owns that his observations have been mostly made on very exceptional characters. But he maintains the generous and the right opinion that a race is to be judged by the best it can produce; and he possesses the kind of mind that can appreciate the best that India has to give to the world's stock of thought and of goodness. That best is an ideality which the Western world—in spite of all the Eastern learning it has imbibed—has hardly any understanding of at all. Idealism among the European countries has lived on fairly comfortable terms with worldly prosperity: that is to say, it has never interfered with it; has even come out of its cell to bless it on Sundays, without too sharp an inquiry regarding the past week. Faith and practice in Europe have honestly striven to be in accord; but the instances of agreement are, in the history of the nations, and in every man's personal experience, extremely rare. Nine-tenths of even high-minded Europeans have in their secret hearts a contempt for the very thought that high spirituality and life in the world can be made conformable, though they would not own it. But the Indian of the older religions, how ever much he may individually err, has strong within him the sense that faith and practice should go hand in hand, together with a certain knowledge that the union means the utmost worldly sacrifice. And the union is consummated, not unfrequently, even in the India of to-day, into which the strong practical breath of the West has penetrated. In beautiful words, in this book, we find the cause and the effect of this ideal:

> In India we still see, as it were, the last traces of the primordial surprise at this world. Their earliest thinkers seem still to feel strange in it, while Greeks and Romans are thoroughly at home in their little world. No doubt the Greeks as well as the Indians saw the riddles of the world, were perplexed by them, and tried to solve them. But while Greeks and Romans, and later on the leading races of Europe also, settled down to their practical work in life, the Indians, at least the leading thinkers among them, never felt quite at ease even in their beautiful forests, by the side of their mighty rivers, or under the shadow of their gigantic snow-mountains in the north. They never cared so intensely for this span of life on earth as the Greeks did. Hence they never brought political life to its full development, like the Greeks and Roman; they never strove to conquer what was not theirs, or to govern the world which they had conquered; nor did they, like the Hebrews, look upon the exact fulfilment of the law as the highest object of their life on earth. . . . Their hearts would never forget the life that lay behind them, and their minds were for ever set on the life that was to come.

And throughout the newer movements of Indian religious thought he traces a never-dying desire to realise—not merely to respect—the spiritual life here below. The instances of supreme sacrifice are numerous. There is the story of Nîlakantha Goreh's father. When Nîlakantha became a Christian, he owed it to his high position among the Brahmans to disinherit and publicly curse his son. "So, in order to evade the necessity of the curse, he retired from the world, and took upon himself the vow of perpetual silence. . . . After he had retired into the forest he never uttered a single word again to any human being." It is well known that the passage through life of a twice-born man was divided into four periods, the pupil, the householder, the still accessible devotee and student of philosophy, and the solitary in the forest—the Samnyâsin. But it is not well known that even modern India can show instances of exact fulfilment of this ideal. Readers of the second Jungle Book will remember Sir Purun Dass. His real story is told by Professor Max Muller. He was Gaurîshankar Wayshankar Ozâ, Prime Minister of Bhavnagar, a very able and vigorous administrator of his State, who had had every kind of practical difficulty to grapple with, and had made his country peaceful and prosperous. After sixty years of public service he gave up his premiership in 1879 to enter the third stage, and devoted himself to meditation and hard study. "He still saw some friends, and, living in what we should call a garden house, he remained in touch with the outer world, though no longer affected by any of the conflicting interests which had occupied him for so many years." In 1886 he retired altogether to "attain Moksha (freedom)," to blend himself with the universal soul. And though Gaurî-samkara in the completeness of his life was an exceptional man, his spirit and his ideal are reflected in not a few of Professor Max Muller's Indian friends.

* "Auld Lang Syne. Second Series. My Indian Friends." By the Right Hon. Professor F. Max Müller. 10s. 6d. (Longmans.)

IN LONDON TOWN.*

Mr. Morrison's and Mr. Pett Ridge's new books have at least one theme in common, the life of a boy in East London, and the temper in which they are written is closely akin. In one respect they seem to tell very different stories, the first boy hero, a country lad from Essex, being made a man of in London Town, the second undergoing the same process by being sent out of it, to that same Essex; but then the training of the streets had sharpened his wits first of all. The reproaches sometimes cast at Mr. Morrison that his "Tales of Mean Streets" and his "Child of the Jago" gave a one-sided and a very miserable account of East London life, must now cease. It was not a wanton delight in gloom that made him write so harshly of existence in the wildernesses of brick and mortar. He writes his report of life in chapters, and not in one alone can he tell the ultimate truth. But here he comes nearer to doing so. There is something idyllic in the story, much that is gentle. But it is no symptom of Mr. Morrison's having begun to quail before the spectacle of poverty and sin and suffering. Beauty and goodness are seen in their common struggle against sordid ugliness, but beauty and goodness are uppermost, their success perhaps a legacy from the first delightful chapters, which describe the life of an old naturalist's household in the country. The boy of the household has had time for dreaming, and quiet to learn gentleness in, before a hard fate drives him with his family to make his way in London. His is a hopeful story. The young engineer, dutiful, manly, intelligent, ambitious, is a pleasant centre for any book. Amidst hardship and with abundance of evil all round, you see him keep a wholesome way, and his track is described with perfect knowledge and sympathy. Yet even in his own highly respectable household he has to meet the ugliness of the world, to face it squarely, for it appears in the person of a rascally step-father his amiable and weak mother

* "To London Town." By Arthur Morrison. 6s. (Methuen.)
"A Son of the State." By W. Pett Ridge. The Novelist. 6d. (Methuen.)

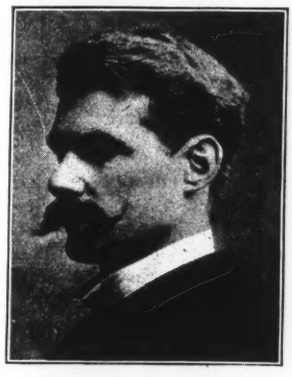
has given him. And across his own charming romance, as sweet and fresh as youth and pure-hearted devotion could make it, comes again the shadow of sin, the degradation of the mother of the girl he loves. Fate is kind and unkind, the air is sunny and is bleak. But there is promise in the sky for the youth who came to try his fortune in London Town.

And Mr. Pett Ridge's story is even more cheerful—though it starts the hero in the very worst surroundings, making him the not unwilling associate of thieves and coiners, and giving him such a precocious knowledge of evil as few could hope to shake off. Even in the midst of his ruffianly days he is a charmer, and he carries away from them an assurance, a power of resource, and an entertaining impudence that stand him in good stead for the rest of his life. Perhaps we may be excused for liking this first part best. You see, it is evident the boy is made for other things than picking and stealing, so we are not depressed; and his gaiety, his philosophy, his wit have never such a chance again of showing themselves as in this hard life and among his doubtful but thoroughly amusing associates. When he is getting licked into shape in the country schools and on board the training ship, his blessed impudence can only show itself occasionally. But the educational portions are far from dull. When Mr. Pett Ridge is demonstrating the excellence of the modern State methods of reclaiming waifs he does not grow pedantic; his humour does not forsake him. And he turns his readers into slightly bigger but no less fervent models of Miss Threepenny, in their pride and interest in the bright and hearty bluejacket, once the half-starved *gamin* and graduate of the evil of Hoxton streets.

NOVEL NOTES.

THE BARRYS. By Shan F. Bullock. 6s. (Harpers.)

Half in Ireland, half in London, does Mr. Bullock's latest story run—a story that makes a strong appeal to human sympathies and shows a keen knowledge of human nature, in other words, of human frailty. The London portion relates to the career of a young man of letters, and whether the writer means it or not, it makes one hate the literary life on its lower slopes with a deadly hatred, so closely connected does the pursuit of "copy" and cheap artistic sensation seem to be with the degeneration of a good-natured, susceptible young man into a cad. But neither does Mr. Bullock make us love the suburban young woman, the hero's wife, who had all the domestic virtues save charity and the gift—which should be cultivated in every household—of writing a sympathetic letter. Indeed, our hearts go all out to Nan the Irish girl, who was unwittingly the cause of Frank's faithlessness to his wife. She is a charming creation, frank, courageous, tender-hearted, and wholesome amid all her emotionalism. The Irish characters are excellently conceived and carried out—John Butler, the eloquent, muddle-minded and attractive idler, as well as Hugh Barry, the stalwart, austere old farmer, uncle of the literary hero. Only one serious fault can be found with the book. Mr. Bullock should not harrow our feelings by the long-drawn out agony of the end. By a swifter method we should be affected as much, and less resentfully.



MR. SHAN F. BULLOCK,
From Photo by Russell & Sons.

THE HEIRESS OF THE SEASON. By Sir William Magnay, Bart. 6s. (Smith, Elder.)

A faint reflection of the Dreyfus affair gives a pungency to a story that would otherwise be rather dull. "The Pride of Life" and "The Fall of a Star" were much more interesting in their setting and their characterisation. But then when a young and hopeful politician is wrongfully accused of betraying the details of a secret treaty to Berlin, and a young and beautiful heiress proves staunch to him in his disgrace, human interest ample and strong enough has been provided, and a very popular story must be the result. Beyond this the book seems to be a wail against the heartlessness, the worldliness, and the treachery of London Society. The virtues do not walk abroad anywhere in the neighbourhood of Hyde Park Corner.

A CORNER OF THE WEST. By Edith Henrietta Fowler. 6s. (Hutchinson.)

There is a winsome brightness about Miss Edith Fowler's style which recalls, while it does not in the least resemble, her

MISS EDITH HENRIETTA FOWLER.

sister's more mature vivacity. There is no sarcasm here, except of the gentlest sort, only a happy belief in innocence and truth and goodness, and a most admirable disposition—very unlike most story-writers with their mature heroines of seventeen, and world-worn widows of twenty-three—to let people be young as long as they like and as long as they can. Lavinia Garland at thirty is an amusing combination of old maid and baby, her cousin Alison at twenty-five a gay and irresponsible, but wholly lovable, child. Nevertheless Alison has the truest philosophy of life and understands as nobody but herself can do the pathetic love story of the postman and the crazy girl. If we are tempted to find fault on the score of an excess of childishness in certain of the incidents, we accept a ready reproof in the thought of how much room there is to spare in our modern novel-writing for innocence and sweetness and simple faith.

THE SLAVE. By Robert Hichens. 6s. (Heinemann.)

This seems to us Mr. Hichens' sincerest and most serious work as yet. It sums up all the qualities he has shown already, save the lighter satire of "The Green Carnation." With plentiful social observation, careful differentiation of modern types, and a dash of mysticism, he makes a story that is bound to interest. As usual he writes far too much. If he would only stay his too fluent hand he would produce an effect adequate to the ability and the pains expended. But he has everything to learn in the way of selection and of condensation. His conception of the "Slave" is rather muddled; or, at least, it muddles us. Was she more than a commonplace grasping woman, who loved jewels, the most dazzling symbol of wealth, and would sell her soul and anyone else's for them? Now and again, by his own showing, she is only such. But this does not satisfy his romantic mind; and he will have it that she loved jewels, because they gave her dreams, took her into fairyland, loved them for themselves and their mysterious beauty, because they did not die, did not suffer loathsome decay, because she lived in them. We confess to scepticism—though her pose is an impressive one, of course. We are far more interested in her patient and deluded admirer, Aubrey, dandy and idealist. That he walks every day, faultlessly dressed, along the flags of Piccadilly to his club, dreaming high dreams, and with the reticence of a true Englishman, keeping them to himself, we firmly believe.

THE STRANGE ADVENTURES OF ISRAEL PENDRAY. By Silas K. Hocking. 3s. 6d. (Warne.)

This is not so much a story or succession of stories as a study of the beginnings of Methodism. Many Wesleyans have long forgotten, others than Wesleyans have probably never known, the details of the persecutions and hardships to which

John Wesley and his followers were subjected when first his doctrines and teaching began to move the people. Israel Pendray was one of Wesley's first converts. He became a "local preacher" of singular eloquence and power, and often moved the mob to tears, though at other times he was hustled and mauled and flung into caverns and ditches and left to die, which, with a truly wonderful persistence, he toughly refused to do. There is a good deal of the supernatural in the book, witches, apparitions, weird "freits," superstitions that Wesley himself is said to have believed in. A certain thread of connection runs through most of the chapters if only in the personality of Pendray, the supposed writer. Still, many of them can be read quite apart from the rest, and "Dorothy's Light" and "The Young Squire" are excellent stories as they stand.

THE HUMAN INTEREST. By Violet Hunt. 6s. (Methuen.)

There may be greater smartness in Miss Violet Hunt's earlier books, but in her latest one there is far sounder work than she has given promise of. "The Human Interest" is a

From Photo by] MISS VIOLET HUNT. *[Elliott & Fry.*

very clever study of the quick-witted, discontented woman of to-day, whose cultivation and aspirations are much above her opportunities. She has placed her in a provincial Philistine *milieu*, which has been shrewdly imagined if not drawn from life. But all that has been done before. It is in the development of the heroine—if we may so miscall her—that Miss Hunt shows her power. Phœbe, after running away from her impossible husband, comes across a painter who is not susceptible to feminine influence. He is a landscapist who never introduces humanity into his pictures. He might make this omission and still be a catholic lover of womankind, but Miss Hunt endows him with a rare consistency, in order that Phœbe may fulfil her destiny. She throws herself at the painter's head in a quite violent fashion, till even he succumbs, and finds himself, unjustly, cited in a divorce case. He loves the woman in a chilly manner, but he thinks the whole affair a bore, and learns bitterly how wise he had once been in leaving the "human interest" alone. Through hysteria, attempted suicide, and frantic flirtation, Phœbe reaches the last chapter, attaining widowhood, indeed, if not the desire of her heart. A little cad, an incurable *poseuse*, she stands vividly before us; but she dares to ask our sympathy, and so fair has Miss Hunt been to her in the midst of her satirical purpose, that she does not appeal in vain.

IN A CORNER OF ASIA. By Hugh Clifford. (The Over Seas Library.) 1s. 6d. (T. Fisher Unwin.)

One or two of these stories we have seen before, but we do not enjoy them the less on that account. There are many new ones for those whose memories are so painfully excellent that everything they read once is stale for ever after. In all the stories, old and new, there are bright, realistic glimpses of the far-off corner of the earth the writer knows so well. The Malay Peninsula has not had the freshness written out of it yet, and the natives still retain a picturesque — and dirty — savagery unspoiled by any excess of civilisation or cleanliness. As Mr. Clifford represents these primitive folk, they have their own attractiveness. There are some pretty and pathetic tales to be told of them and their ways, also a few more lurid, as when the old Raja slapped his breast and cried, "And in all, *Tuan*, Si Hamid hath slain two hundred men—*not counting Chinamen!*" Thus in the lowest deep (with apologies to Mr. Clifford's pet race) a lower deep,—for what Malay would count a mere Chinaman, except under the head of sundries? Mr. Clifford has a vivid descriptive touch and a dash of humour, which give his book spirit and keep people reading cheerfully through pages of solid information, grudging not a sentence, though the story be somewhat long in coming.

MR. HUGH CLIFFORD.
From Photo by Walery, London.

PURPLE AND FINE LINEN. By William Pigott. 6s. (Cassell.)

Mr. Pigott has done his best to build a spirited story round a wildly improbable plot. He conceives a nest of fanatical Jacobites, who hold secret meetings and even a court in a remote island off the coast of Scotland. Thither wanders a young Oxford man, who is hailed as their prince, and who, for reasons of his own, accepts the situation and the homage for a time. As if that were not exciting enough, the writer complicates matters by making the most of the courtiers turn out to be a set of wicked dynamiters. The climax of the tale arrives when the hero is taken down to a lonely sea-shore by the desperadoes, and bound to a chest inside which is an infernal machine. The agony which ensues till the ineffective explosion takes place is described with considerable talent. But Mr. Pigott should not be encouraged to put his fancy so much on the strain. Few of us are so spoilt as to demand all these extraordinary incidents and horrible shudders in a single volume.

RESOLVED TO BE RICH. By Edward H. Cooper. 6s. (Duckworth.)

Mr. Cooper asks us to take an interest in a monstrosity, in a boy who at the age of twelve understands stocks and shares, and scans the money market with the eagerness that decent youngsters bestow on fairies or on pirates, who at sixteen is received by financial sharpers as an equal into a shady business, and who a few years later smiles contemptuously at a jury that acquits him of complicity in the huge fraud of his firm. Financial gambling may have a glamour round it. As a form of the love of power, of the lust of swaying men and things, as a means to the attainment of splendid surroundings, for the patronage of art, or the command of men, it may be clothed in romance and fascination. But here we see only sordid money-grubbing, mean and petty trickery, and the centre of it all a mere youth. If he had asked us to take an interest in him because he was an epileptic or a kleptomaniac, we should have responded neither more nor less heartily.

THE LORD OF THE HARVEST. By M. Betham-Edwards. 6s. (Hurst and Blackett.)

This story displays a marvellously wide and detailed knowledge of English rural life in the first half of this century. The scenes are laid in Suffolk, a county Miss Betham-Edwards knows through and through, as well even as she knows France. France she has turned her back on here, save for making her heroine of French parentage. There is very little incident to make a story out of, but the romance of Aimée, the charming little governess, who with her graces and accomplish-

ments overawes, but not for too long, the honest farmer who adores her, is pretty and sympathetic, and serves very well for a peg on which to hang a large variety of rural character studies, vigorous, shrewd, and amusing. But it is as a record of old customs and old types fast disappearing that the book is most valuable, and lovers of country lore, as well as the readers of popular stories, should consult its pages.

LADY BARBARITY. By J. C. Snaith. 6s. (Ward, Lock.)

"Lady Barbarity" is as gay and pretty and witty a story of adventure as we have happened on for many a long day. The heroine is a sparkling, audacious, warm-hearted and most ingenious lady, and the hero had need to be something more than commonly interesting to be tolerated by us, seeing how much and well she schemes and dares and suffers for his sake. But he is a gallant youth, agile, quick-witted, and loyal; goes even to Tyburn Tree with a great air, and does not bungle the escape she contrives for him. The complication of the devoted Captain Grantley, whose main objects are, severally, to hang the youth and marry the lady, is cleverly managed; and each personage that plays an important part in the drama, plays it like a flesh and blood actor and no puppet. Mr. Snaith has taken the trouble to write his story well, and for reward he gains the attention of his readers.

A LOST LADY OF OLD YEARS. By John Buchan. 6s. (Lane.)

Mr. Buchan has not found himself yet, though his searching commands respect. "A Lost Lady of Old Years" is a solid bit of work somewhat after the manner of "Kidnapped," but with a visible and heavy effort after style which is apt to become wearisome. It is an excellent study, a capital bit of practice, and if the manner be only a pose, it is an excellent one. But Francis Birkenshaw loses half his credit, and the language half its force by the inevitable comparison—alas, for Mr. Buchan!—with David Balfour and his author. This Francis Birkenshaw comes of a stern old lowland stock, which has suffered degeneration in the person of the young man's father. He sows wild oats of a particularly rank and unwholesome species, tires of his profligacy without repenting of it and sets out on a series of adventures in which there is, to our mind, little of the heroic. The Lost Lady appears late upon the scene, but when she does her dazzling beauty makes Francis her slave for life, and even a horse-whipping from her fair hands only leaves him in a frenzy of rage—and devotion. The times are those of the Forty-five, but the interest is chiefly personal. The battle of Culloden is fought "within," and Francis scarcely impresses us with his prowess. The best thing in the book is the picture of the wily old Lord Lovat. We advise readers not to miss it. Even if they find themselves wearying of artificial English, they will have little fault to find with Mr. Buchan's Scots. And nobody should lay down the book without reading Chapter IX., "My Lord of Lovat." But when all is said and done, we would not give "Streams of Water from the South," and one or two others in "Grey Weather," for ten "Lost Ladies."

LITTLE NOVELS OF ITALY. By Maurice Hewlett. 6s. (Chapman and Hall.)

A lover of Italy must be the friend of this book, which pays homage to a beautiful land in the form of charming fancies and exquisite language. Mr. Hewlett has aimed at rendering the spirit of old Italy—so like in many essentials to its spirit to-day, outside the circle of politics. He has striven to do so, not by description or discussion or masses of erudition, but by bright inventions of character and circumstance, where the hot blood and the romance and the grace should show themselves scenically and dramatically. As we have said, every lover of Italy must read the tales with sympathy. A cold thought may creep in after, that, in spite of all his pains, all his talent, all his literary charm, he has hardly made his creations live. The effect is a beautiful artificiality. He has entered into the spirit of the old Italian *novelle*, but he has not been able to reflect their simplicity. Their few clear precise lines and limpid atmosphere are turned into a jewelled mosaic in his "little novels." Nevertheless, the remembrance of the book is delightful. The pictures of the old towns, the backgrounds to his dramas, give one the thrill he must have longed to start. "Verona, stormy centre of strife, whose scarred grey face still wears a blush when viewed from the ramp of the Giusti garden;" "Padua, with its streets like cloister-walks; as in Lucca, the plane is the sacred tree, and next to that flag of green on a silver staff, the poplar shows the city blushful in the spring and thrilling all a summer with the memory. It is a place of brick and marble, painted orange, brown, yellow, and warm white, where every corner-stone and every twig is printed sharply on a sky of morning blue." Ferrara in its bower of green; the Euganean hills from the city and the plain;—the very names read in his pages stir wonderful memories, and to these memories he has given most worthy expression.

PRINCESS FEATHER. By A. C. Inchbold. 6s. (Hutchinson.)

If we can imagine that a girl of such remarkable refinement and, for her station, such exceptional cultivation as the heroine of "Princess Feather" could tolerate the very idea of marrying a man like Michael Tagg, so ostentatiously a boor and a brute—if we can get over this preliminary difficulty, then the book must impress us as an interesting and powerful one. The background of Sussex rural life is painted with a strong and skilful hand, and the sketches of rustic character are vigorous, if not flattering. The horrible auction of wives, described with

From Photo by [Barraud, Oxford St. MRS. INCHBOLD.

a more repulsive realism than the similar scene in "The Mayor of Casterbridge," is doubtless drawn from credible tradition; the newspapers report such occurrences even to-day. Against this sordid, painful ground the figure of Elizabeth stands out clear and pathetic. To not a few readers the tragedy of her situation will seem to lie in the humbleness or the Puritanism of her mind, which bids her over and over again submit to a galling and a disgusting yoke in the name of duty. But death does what duty will not sanction, and there is a peaceful and a fair life allotted to her ere the end.

ADAM GRIGSON. By Mrs. Henry de la Pasture. 6s. (Smith Elder.)

There is very elaborate, very fine work here, and the writer's care must be rewarded by the attentive interest of nearly every reader. It is the history of three generations of an English family, lengthily but never wearisomely narrated, and at every turn making strong appeals to human sympathy. From the old-fashioned, romantic Lady Mary to her very modern granddaughter Elizabeth, they are all worth attention; we follow their fortunes through extravagant and aristocratic poverty, till they rise again to affluence through wealthy marriages, in which we are as much interested as if the brides were our neighbours' children. Why the book is called "Adam Grigson" we can-

not make out. True, Adam figures therein, a sturdy, self-made man, who marries a silly young wife, lets her play the fool in London, and finding his mistake, very sensibly whisks her off to Australia. A strong man—but he plays only a small part here. The centre of interest is Lady Mary, the romantic woman, of strong affections and unconcealed partialities. Gentle to all her children, she adores her youngest son Patrick, teaches him all she knows, and is his dearest friend. He marries at twenty a worthless little low-bred flirt. That is the tragedy of her life. They are reconciled, see each other frequently, but almost as strangers. She lives again, only less vitally, in her granddaughter Elizabeth till the girl's marriage. Patrick dies. Then she discovers her old love, the passion of her life, is not dead; and she revives it to work night and day with her aging eyes to complete the book to which he had given the best years of a saddened life. Lady Mary, frail, old-fashioned, gentle, but obstinate in her loves and her idealism, dominates the book.

THE DOCTOR. By Henry de Vere Stacpoole. 6s. (Unwin.)

"The Doctor" is a clear, convincing success. We have always been interested in Mr. Stacpoole's work, and irritated, too, because it promised so much it did not perform. His Pierrot story, with its delightful opening, melted into a mush. "The Rapin" was of every quality, and the bad in it was rather prominent. There is nothing hazy, nothing unfulfilled here. The lines are clear and strong, and there is not one too many. Every stroke tells; every stroke rings. It gives one the impression of having been written in a single week of high-strung vitality. More power to Mr. Stacpoole since he has proved to the hilt the ability we suspected and very grudgingly allowed! Selfish youth, in the shape of a beautiful and brilliant girl, taking all from selfless age in the shape of the most lovable, most humoursome, most delightful old country doctor—that is the tale; that is the tragedy, swiftly, vigorously told. The story-teller counts also, the sharp-tongued, shrewd-minded, devoted, and by no means too amiable young woman, who has to play daughter to the old man, when the darling of his heart deserts him. Indeed, all the personages that appear, count. The villagers, the rival medicine man, the vicar and his wife, stand before you distinct, by the power of a true humorist. But what are they beside the old doctor, out of date, indefatigable, deep-hearted, impossible, grotesque, and a saint? He fights the Guardians for his flock; never gets his bills paid; scorns the notion of microbes and stethoscopes and temperature charts; spends himself gratuitously and endlessly. The romance and the tragedy of his life is to love and ruin himself for his sister's child, a heartless, egotistical, grasping young decadent writer of books that, mercifully, he cannot understand. We can only say again that "The Doctor" is a clear success. Not mere cleverness has made it so, but an abundance of humour and humanity.

COMETHUP. By Tom Gallon. 6s. (Hutchinson.)

Mr. Gallon is disappointing. His new story is entirely unworthy of the author of "Tatterley" and "Dicky Monteith." If it were by a new young lady writer we should greet it with encouragement for its extreme amiability, its high moral tone, and its success in keeping a considerable number of characters busily employed throughout its pages. But we cannot insult an experienced and capable novelist by patting him on the back for a poor performance. The hero starts as a charming child. But he never grows up. That is the whole fault of the book. The breath of the real striving world is not in it, in spite of its tales of strife and tragedy. And if Mr. Gallon is to write for children in their teens, he might choose his themes more suitably. He has differentiated and labelled his characters with care; but they are fancy portraits. We want from him more romance or more reality.

MISS MALEVOLENT. 3s. 6d. (Greening.)

'"In the midst of life we are in debt," said Mrs. Policarp, who was a wit!' Mrs. Policarp's wit flows freely in this story, and it has many imitators. Shall we give examples of these? "'He's a dreadful bore!' 'Soldiers always are,' said Waye. 'Caviare to the General, is the only proverb that fits military society. General Russhe would bore an artesian well.'" If that kind of thing is liked, there is a fund of it in "Miss Malevolent," which is yet a very serious book, as well as a satire on, and an awful example of, modern decadence and silliness. It has a further purpose of attacking the Roman Catholic Church, about which the writer's knowledge seems to be extremely limited. He is quite on safe ground, of course, in showing up the lady who took her religion as if it were the excitement of a music-hall; but a few stray texts from Catholic saints and prophets do not prove that only one church can stimulate an emotion that will dull conscience and make good conduct seem a thing of no account.

NELL GWYNN'S DIAMOND. By I. Hooper. 6s. (Black.)

This story of adventure begins excellently, and for at least two-thirds of the book we follow with willingness the fortunes of Aysgarth trying to repair his shattered fortunes by tracing the stolen diamond of the favourite of Charles II. His desperate journey, after he has mortally offended his lady love, is capitally told. Up to the fight on the sands in Brittany we

MISS I. HOOPER.

From photo by Frederick Hollyer.

are all attention and belief. But the convent scenes are too much for our credibility. A woman is not capable at one moment of cold-blooded murder, in whatever cause, and at another of extreme gentleness and gratitude. The Abbess makes a very good villain, but we are outraged by the tale of her sainthood a few pages further on. This is an amiable mistake on the part of Miss Hooper, but it shakes our faith in the reality of his story before it is out of our hands, and a reader's momentary faith in a tale of the kind is essential for success.

EVEN IF. By J. Morgan-de-Groot. 6s. (Blackwood.)

There may be some readers who remember Mr. Morgan-de-Groot's "Lotus Flower." Most of them will have hoped they had seen the last of Hilda, the Swedish heroine, who was only saved from being a nonentity by her supreme discontent. But here she is again, and if she is not more edifying, she is at least a great deal more amusing. The earlier book was dull, but it had some pretensions to be a serious study of certain modern temperaments. In "Even If" the writer gives the reins to his fancy rather than his observation, and the result will be called delightfully farcical or merely silly, according to the reader's greater or less severity of mind. The chief entertainment will be found in the complete divergence of the opinions concerning the heroine held respectively by Mr. Morgan-de-Groot and any of his readers above the age of twelve. Hilda, though apt to be fickle, is imagined by him as a superb woman, of tremendous personality and will, of commanding beauty, and the loftiest principles, condemned to a weary exile from the highest, her rightful position. We look for this prodigy and see a vacuous-minded little school-girl, stupid enough to be endlessly bored save when she is flirting, callous and capricious in a very ordinary commonplace way, and using methods to attract the male sex such as would be repudiated by the average respectable barmaid. We are bidden take an interest in a remarkable and charming woman's being saved from the results of her fascinating temperament. We only see what we have seen before, that idleness and riches are specially dangerous to third-rate natures.

AN ADVENTURESS. By L. T. Meade. 6s. (Chatto.)

Not for a single moment do we pretend to believe the plot of Mrs. Meade's new story, while we read it. It is even foolishly improbable. A young heiress dies in Mentone. Her companion assumes the identity of the dead girl, annexes her name, her fortune, her family, and her lover, pensions off her own mother, and acts her new role so as to deceive everybody for a while. This is nonsense. But there is a certain amount of sympathetic human interest in the writer's attempt to show that the shameless adventuress won hearts in her audacious career. Adventuresses are often lovable. Mrs. Meade is, however, a writer of high moral tone, and her conscience will not allow her to let the wicked flourish. The schemer is found out, is brought to death's door, as is likewise her husband. Repentance and forgiveness flow freely at the end; but lest adventuresses be encouraged, this one bears ever after the mark of her sin in the form of a total loss of memory, and a modified kind of idiocy.

CARAMELLA. By George P. Hawtrey. 6s. (Arrowsmith.)

We have given "Caramella" up as entirely beyond our understanding. But we should like to advertise it widely as a puzzle. Is it a satire? Is it a new "Utopia" compiled with heavy-handed frivolity? Is it an extravaganza with a meaning or without? Lacking the key, we have found it indescribably dull, the more so that something is always happening in its pages, and a crowd of persons keep up a constant chatter. Caramella is an island, geographically undefined, where the inhabitants are lotus eaters, where they are highly civilised and prosperous, and do nothing all day long. Whether Mr. Hawtrey is laughing at them or idealising them we have not the faintest idea. Save for their institutions, they seem rather like fourth-rate, vulgar people in England, and this and the fact that a young Englishman who lands on the island, puts his fingers in its pie, and brings it under British protection, may serve to rouse a faint interest in readers too indolent to investigate its meaning.

THE BOOKMAN'S TABLE.

JANE EYRE. By Charlotte Brontë. Haworth Edition. Introduction by Mrs. Humphry Ward. (Smith, Elder and Co.) 6s.

This is the first volume of a new edition of the Brontë books, got up in the well-known form of Mrs. Ritchie's edition of Thackeray. It need hardly be said that the printing is clear and the binding tasteful. The edition is to include an annotated reprint of Mrs. Gaskell's life of Charlotte Brontë under the care of Mr. Clement Shorter, whose valuable work on this subject is well known. It has been stated that Mr. Shorter will be able to avail himself of a number of hitherto unpublished letters. There are no annotations in this volume, although perhaps some might have been added with advantage. There is no need to say much of Mrs. Ward's essay. It is rather a general discussion of Charlotte Brontë than a specific introduction to "Jane Eyre," and the accomplished writer has made no use of recent researches on the Brontës. Nor does she give exact particulars of the circumstances in which the book was published and its reception by contemporaries. She has much to say about the Celtic temperament, and uses as text a well-known passage by Renan. It may be doubted whether the discussion throws much light either upon Charlotte Brontë or "Jane Eyre," but Mrs. Ward's critical essays always deserve consideration.

MORE POT-POURRI FROM A SURREY GARDEN. By Mrs. C. W. Earle. 7s. 6d. (Smith, Elder.)

Mrs. Earle in her first chapter guards herself most completely against criticism and remonstrance. "Nothing can ever bear being done a second time," she says; and the word is taken out of the reviewer's mouth. Yet, after all, there is a difference between giving "more" and merely giving again. In this case it is not repetition but continuation. The only charm lost is that of novelty—no great loss when all is said and done. For our part we have found great pleasure in this second volume. It is one of those delightful books which may be opened anywhere and read anyhow, backwards or forwards, or in snatches according to our humour. It contains excellent receipts for the cook, valuable hints for the gardener, and brave and comforting reflections for all. Mrs. Earle's views of life have a vigorous and practical utilitarianism which is almost masculine and altogether stimulating. Her closing chapter on girls and their love affairs is full of excellent good sense, though we imagine most women under thirty will demur at her somewhat iconoclastic treatment of the "young dream." Materialism and romance do not flourish well in the same soil, and Mrs. Earle is all for the former, though in a wholesome variety. But in every page there beats a wise and kindly human heart, and anyone who cannot find somewhere in the book something very much to his mind must be uncommonly hard to please.

ADMIRAL PHILLIP. By Louis Becke and Walter Jeffery. (Builders of Greater Britain.) 5s. (T. Fisher Unwin.)

Little indeed is known to us of the family history and private life of the founder of New South Wales. Governor Phillip was a man of action rather than of words, least of all written words. But the account of that one voyage in which he conveyed the first batch of convicts to Botany Bay, the record of his method of dealing with them, both on shipboard and in settlement, and the undoubted facts of his government in the new colony stamp him as a man of singular vigour and capacity; to use Carlyle's phrase, one of the men who *can*. Mr. Becke and Mr. Jeffery, out of very scanty and unpromising materials, have produced a really interesting book. The personality of the man is vividly brought before us; there is life in every incident. The man who laid the first stone of Britain's Empire in the South ought to be something more than a mere name to us, and the authors of this excellent work have done their part towards making him real.

LIFE AND BOOKS. By F. F. Leighton. 6s. (Unwin.)

This book of essays contains a rather careful study of the work of Lessing. Otherwise, it is lacking in interest. A cursory reading leaves us with the impression that Mr. Leighton thinks on literary matters as most educated and intelligent people do—neither more nor less profoundly. But a close examination will frequently put every critical reader in an attitude of contradiction to the writer's complacent dogmatism.

ST. PAUL THE MASTER BUILDER. By Walter Lock, D.D. 3s. 6d. (Methuen and Co.)

These four lectures originally delivered to the clergy of St. Asaph in July, 1897, are well worthy of a wider circulation. Dr. Lock indeed disclaims originality of research, and professes to use only the material supplied by other scholars, especially Professor Ramsay, Dr. Hort, and Canon Hicks. But this material is so lucidly and freshly arranged, and it is interpreted to results so interesting and so significant that the volume will be eagerly and profitably read even by those who are best versed in Pauline literature. In the first lecture Dr. Lock explains the principles which guided St. Paul in his work as a missionary, and lucidly exhibits the manner and extent to which this work was influenced by his Roman citizenship. In the second lecture the Apostle is viewed as "the Ecclesiastical Statesman" solving the problems stirred by the admission of Gentiles and by all means promoting the unity of the Church. The third lecture treats of Justification by Faith, and explains the basis on which Justification proceeds. Here Dr. Lock's departure from stereotyped modes of expression is most marked, and suggestions are made for the purpose of reconciling the doctrine to the moral sense, while the fourth lecture aims at reconciling it with the Moral Law and at showing how that law unfolds itself and receives its due in Pauline teaching. The volume is written in a lucid, compact, and pure style, and presents an able and suggestive survey of some of the main lines on which recent enquiry has been travelling.

THE LOG OF A SEA-WAIF. By Frank T. Bullen. Illustrated. 8s. 6d. (Smith, Elder.)

Here Mr. Bullen gives his experiences of the first four years of his sea-life, not in the form of imaginative tales, as he has done before, but in a plain, business-like narrative of actual facts. Of course, from the point of view of enjoyment, the book cannot compare with his two earlier ones; but it is a mine of information and of interest for those who concern themselves with seafaring folk, not as subjects of romance but as human beings. It takes you all over the world, in every kind of vessel, under every variety of command, and shows you the hero—who never poses, however, as a hero—in every capacity compatible with his age. It gives one a shock, after one has

read to the end, to call to mind it is the story of a mere child, being Mr. Bullen's personal experiences between the ages of twelve and sixteen. But there was fun in the life too, as well as mortal hardship, and its variety and adventure must have made up for much to an eager, observant, thoughtful boy, treasuring up all the scenes and incidents, good and bad, in his memory for future use. Mr. Bullen has chosen to write without much art this time, but his "Log" is a brave and inspiriting story, nevertheless.

THE REALMS OF GOLD. By John Dennis. 3s. 6d. (Grant Richards.)

This little book has the interesting and most praiseworthy purpose of stimulating boys and girls to a love of good literature. It does so in the form of "Talks." There is nothing systematic about it; it has all the genial vagrancy, the lack of proportion, the indulgence in reflections—more or less relevant—that a manual may never have. Its conversational form and tone will gain it many readers it would otherwise have failed to attract. There is nothing vague about it, however. It contains a great deal of clear guidance and information and many well-chosen illustrations; and through the field of English literature from Chaucer to Tennyson Mr. Dennis has traced the chief and the profitable paths for inexperienced feet. The tone is eminently wholesome and sensible—terribly sensible, grown-up readers will think; but aspiring youth is austere and will not grumble. Still, we wish Mr. Dennis had been more just to, that is, more comprehending of, Byron, both as a man and a poet. And the space taken up with the discussion of Coventry Patmore's poetry, is, we think, wasted. Patmore, as a domestic poet, does not appeal to any young person of spirit and his other poems are beyond their comprehension and sympathy.

MILESTONES: A Collection of Verses. By Frances Bannerman. 3s. 6d. (Richards.)

Miss Bannerman has the true poet's eye and heart. There is the real poetic atmosphere about her verses, which are never trivial, but all made out of genuine experience. Something is wanting as yet in her power of rendering her thought and feeling quite effective. She is not always articulate. Her designs are sometimes blurred. But her book interests and attracts and touches us. We think "Noli me tangere" is one of the most perfected of the poems, and from it we quote the last four stanzas as evidence of the delicacy and depth of her emotion—

Is it because the life within them shrinks,
Guessing from scars I would not have them see,
The maiming stroke, the loss that ever links
Two worlds in me,

That I can see the gulf between us set
When I would tread their ways,
And feel the chill when hand to hand is met
As in old days?

So through the busy world of fret and mirth
I follow spirit feet,
As through a show—how vain!—where Death and Birth
For ever meet,

And part to meet again, nor ever cease
The while I closely hold
The hand whose clasp I never may release
That is so cold!

A SAILOR'S LIFE UNDER FOUR SOVEREIGNS. By Admiral of the Fleet the Hon. Sir Henry Keppel. 3 vols. Illustrated. 30s. (Macmillan.)

The gallant admiral begins his recollections in a way that promises well for fun as well as for serious interest. And to the end he keeps up his breeziness and his picturesque manner of narrative. Only, as the years go on, he gets tired of adapting his diary, and he sets it down literally instead, with this kind of result—

Dec. 5. Mislaid portmanteau and missed my dinner, very much with the dear old Dean at Winchester.

Dec. 8. Sworn in as foreman of the Grand Jury: novel position, got through with assistance of Curzon. Dinner at the Dean's; large party, chiefly clergy. Well-fed, jolly lot.

Dec. 10. All the churches under influence of Mr. Bennett, of too much notoriety. "What can do?" Hard upon those who like to worship and pray to the Almighty in a quiet way.

Dec. 14. Took my boy for walk in afternoon. What a companion is a small child when it's your own! Crape round hat for Mrs. Wodehouse and King Leopold.

Dec. 17. Enjoyed a morning walk with Colin on the beach; although wrong, preferred it to High Church, with no place for my hat!

There is no general view of naval history during the four reigns at all. But the mild jokes, the shrewd impressions, of an adventurous, aristocratic, jolly old seaman and sportsman, will find their appreciation in the proper quarter—though three thick volumes seem an extravagant space to lodge these in. A number of different artists have illustrated the chronicle very attractively.

THE EFFECTS OF THE FACTORY SYSTEM. By Allen Clarke. 2s. 6d. (Richards.)

This is an unconventional and very appealing little book. The writer, once an operative, and with the most intimate experience of factory life in Lancashire, considers the methods and results of the factory system, especially so far as the cotton trade is concerned. He condemns it utterly, and not on general grounds. He gives chapter and verse and statistics enough to prove that the effects on body and mind and morals of the present condition of things in mills, in spite of recent improvements, are deplorable. We believe him, and we do not condemn him for speaking out, although, like the rest of us, he does not know a remedy adequate or sufficiently near to interest practical folks. His remedial suggestions are rather astonishing. He wants Lancashire to grow its own cotton in hot-houses, which could be also used for the production of tropical plants! "If foreign countries are beginning to do their own manufacturing, why shouldn't we begin to do our own growing?" This is not sound, but his bitter cry is genuine.

ARBOR VITÆ. A Book on the Nature and Development of Imaginative Design for the use of Teachers, Handicraftsmen, and others. By Godfrey Blount. 12s. 6d. (Dent.)

Mr. Blount pleads for the individuality of the craftsman. Traditional decorative forms there are and ought to be, but they should be the servants and not the masters of the handicraftsman. The modern workman is merely a part of the machine. His soul and his imagination have no place in his work. It is turned out by machinery in a thousand, or a million, reduplications, and art knows it not. Mr. Blount has right on his side, though we fear he is but as a voice crying in the wilderness. But he takes the best way of impressing his meaning on his readers, and actually shows them, in page after page of illustration, the gradual development of decorative design and the supreme place that imagination holds in art. Merely to turn the leaves is to learn a great deal. Between the first primitive "row of spots, or blobs" and the elaborate designs in arabesque or semé, it is possible to trace the development not merely of art, but of the human imagination groping after the beautiful. It is a suggestive book, and the designs are pure and exquisite. It is also a beautiful book outwardly, one more of the many artistic volumes issued from Aldine House.

THE STUDENT'S LIFE OF JESUS and THE STUDENT'S LIFE OF PAUL. By George Holley Gilbert, Ph.D., D.D. 5s. each. (The Macmillan Company.)

Dr. Gilbert is Professor of New Testament Literature in Chicago Theological Seminary, and has no doubt felt the need of such text-books as he now provides. They are not intended to introduce the student to the teaching of Jesus or the theology of Paul, but merely to present the external facts relating to their biographies in as simple and scientific a manner as possible. It is impossible to avoid theological opinion in treating such matters as the Birth, the Baptism, the Resurrection of Jesus, or to avoid psychological analysis in relating the conversion of Paul. But it is the author's aim to set the external relations of these great biographies in the clearest light now attainable. In this he has succeeded. Belonging to no school and calling no man master, he has himself gone to the sources, and handles them in a scientific spirit. His results are mostly in line with the findings of Weiss or Beyschlag, although in important points, such as our Lord's pre-existence, he disagrees with the latter scholar. In the chronology of Paul's life he also shows independence. It will therefore be understood that these books are much more than compilations. They give the student as many opinions as are worth knowing, but they also give him what is much more valuable, the means of forming his own. They are written with admirable lucidity and conciseness, with full knowledge of the best literature, and with sound judgment.

THE NEW BOOKS OF THE MONTH.

THEOLOGY AND PHILOSOPHY.

BRUCE, Prof. A. B.—The Moral Order of the World, 7/6....Hodder

BURKITT, F. C.—Early Christianity Outside the Roman Empire Camb. Univ. Press

[*An interesting historical study, dealing chiefly with the Greek-speaking and Syriac-speaking branches of the Christian Church.*]

CALLOW, Rev. C.—A History of the Origin and Development of the Creeds ..... Stock

[*A painstaking work, apparently the result of much careful reading.*]

Church and Faith, 7/6 ..... Blackwood

[*A collection of essays on the teaching of the Church of England by well-known theologians, including Dr. Wace. Dean Farrar, and ten others, with Introduction by the Bishop of Hereford.*]

Epistle of Paul the Apostle to the Galatians, Explained by A. W. Robinson, D.D. (The Churchman's Bible), 1/6 Methuen

[*A valuable aid to the general reader in his efforts to study and understand the Scriptures.*]

GODET, Prof. F.—Introduction to the New Testament, trans. by W. Affleck, 6/- ..... T. & T. Clark

[*The second volume of this excellent translation, including The Collection of the Four Gospels and the Gospel of St. Matthew.*]

HARDY, E. J.—Doubt and Faith, 6/- ..... Unwin

[*A series of sermons on the difficulties of faith addressed to Dublin undergraduates and "young men who did not sit in the seat of the scornful and who had not altogether decided for the devil." Mr. Hardy, as Chaplain to H.M. Forces, has much experience in addressing young men, and his sermons are bright, interesting, and helpful.*]

LOCK, W.—St. Paul, The Master Builder, 3/6..... Methuen

[*See p.* 63.]

MATHESON, Rev. Dr. G.—Studies of the Portraits of Christ, 6/- Hodder

PALMER, Rev. Dr. A. S.—Jacob at Bethel (Studies on Biblical Subjects), No. II., 2/6 ..... Nutt

[*The abundance of Dr. Palmer's literary illustration is the greatest charm of his theological writing, the next his research and knowledge of ancient history and mythology. In a footnote he criticises Ruskin's reference to Jacob, in which his instinct for the picturesque leads him into a very common error. "A boy leaves his father's house . . on foot, to visit his uncle, just as if one of your own boys had to cross the wolds," etc., when as a matter of fact Jacob was seventy-seven, if not ninety-six, at the time.*]

SELBORNE, Lord.—The Catholic and Apostolic Church, 3/6 Macmillan

[*An outline of the spiritual constitution of the Church of England.*]

SPURR, Rev. F. C.—Jesus is God, 1/6 ..... Stockwell

[*Mr. Spurr deprecates an excess of "liberalism" in religion, and on the question of the divinity of Our Lord he considers "that no honourable person can consent to anything like compromise. In the nature of the case there must always be the most pronounced antagonism between those who adore Jesus Christ and those who deny His Deity."*]

WALKER, Rev. W. L.—The Spirit and the Incarnation, 9/-..T. Clark

FICTION.

AUGUSTINUS—Paul Rees, A Story of the Coming Reformation, 1/6 Simpkin

[*This Reformation is described as taking place between* 1905 *and* 1910. *Penal laws against Roman Catholics are enacted, and the Anti-Ritualistic movement culminates in actual persecution. Eventually a reaction arrives, and in the end Roman Catholicism is established, this time firmly and for ever, in England. The book is entirely one-sided, and is not written in a manner likely to command attention or carry conviction.*]

BARMBY, C.—James Cope, 3/6..... Ward, Lock

[*A Californian murder mystery, somewhat lurid in its language and incident.*]

BARNLEY, Rev. G.—Kenooshao, 1/- ..... Kelly

[*Mr. Barnley was the first missionary to the Cree Indians of the Southern Department of the Hudson's Bay Territory. He here relates a tale of an Indian insurrection at Hannah Bay half a century ago, of the murders then committed, and the punishment of the ringleader. The story provides an excellent picture of the relations of traders and Indians at a time and place of which little or nothing has been written or published.*]

BRERETON, Captain F. S.—With Shield and Assegai, a Tale of the Zulu War, 3/6..... Blackie

[*Relates the adventures of an English schoolboy who joins the British force against Cetewayo, and takes part in the famous defence of Rorke's Drift. His father is a missionary in Zululand, and his sister and a friend are taken prisoners by Cetewayo. He rescues the two girls, and has in every way an adventurous career.*]

BULLOCK, S. F.—The Barrys, 6/-..... Harper

[*See p.* 59.]

CHAPPELL, J.—A Lady of High Degree, 3/6..... Partridge

[*A bright story dealing with the domestic matters of various families of high and low degree. It deserves to be popular.*]

CHILD, F. S.—A Puritan Wooing, 2/- ..... Partridge

COLERIDGE, C. R.—Tricks and Trials, 6/-..... Hurst & Blackett

[*Relates how a young gentleman chose to become a country shopkeeper, how the society of the little country town lived and loved and gossipped, and how eventually Crispin gave up shopkeeping. It is a thoroughly pleasant and readable story.*]

COLLINGWOOD, H.—The Castaways, 5/- ..... Griffith

[*A capital sea-story, all astir with shipwrecks, rescues, treasure-seeking, and love affairs.*]

COOMBE, F.—Boys of the Priory School, 2/6 ..... Blackie

[*A lively tale of school life, full of games and scrapes and schoolboy delights, and with an excellent moral intertwined.*]

COOPER, E. H.—Resolved to be Rich, 6/-..... Duckworth

[*See p.* 60.]

CROKER, B. M.—Terence, 6/- ..... Chatto

CUSACK, G.—The Red Rag of Ritual, 6/- ..... Warne

[*An entertaining story written in a vein of sprightly humour. It is concerned chiefly with the affairs of a certain Anglican Catholic Church, and regards Ritualism sympathetically.*]

CUTCLIFFE, I. E.—Only Joe, 3/6..... Skeffington

[*A volume of very unpretentious and pleasing little tales, chiefly concerned with children. It is published on behalf of the Sick Children's Hospital in Great Ormond Street.*]

DE LA PASTIERE, Mrs. H.—Adam Grigson, 6/-..... Smith, Elder

DENNIS, J.—Realms of Gold, 3/6..... Richards

[*See p.* 63.]

DOYLE, C. M.—The Taming of the Jungle, 3/6 ..... A. Constable

[*Stories of life among the people of the Terai, the track of jungle that skirts the foot-hills of the Himalayas, in the province of Kumaon. The tales are picturesque, humanly interesting, and cleverly told—though we except from this description the one where we meet the Padhani* prima donna, *and listen to her singing Italian opera and Beethoven in the forest! The cover design—a blazing jungle—is very effective.*]

DYKE, W.—As Others See Us, 6/- ..... Unwin

[*Through a dreary waste of irrelevance you reach the point of Mr. Dyke's story at last; but it is a very blunt one. There is an unusual complacency in the dulness of the tale.*]

EDWARDS, M. BETHAM.—The Lord of the Harvest, 6/-

[*See p.* 60.] Hurst & Blackett

FARJEON, B. L.—Blade of Grass, 6/- ..... Hutchinson

[*Good philanthropy, but bad fiction. This tale of two twin sisters, separated in infancy, one brought up in squalor, the other in elevating circumstances, would touch more sympathies if a little more art had been devoted to it. It is in Mr. Farjeon's worst style, miles below his recent stories.*]

GALLON, T.—Comethup, 6/-..... Hutchinson

[*See p.* 62.]

HALL, O.—Eureka, 6/- ..... Chatto

[*A vigorous and telling story, full of life and incident, and told in a bright and easy style. After a prologue concerning two old gentlemen in Highgate, we are transported to Ceylon, where many strange adventures are met with.*]

HARCOURT, Colonel A. F. P.—Jenetha's Venture, 6/- ..... Cassell

[*An interesting story of the siege of Delhi during the Indian Mutiny. Hodson of Hodson's Horse and other notable persons are introduced; the story is told with the realism and exactitude of the man who relates what he has actually taken part in.*]

HENTY, G. A.—In Times of Peril, 3/6..... Griffith

[*A story, in Mr. Henty's well-known manner, of the Indian Mutiny and the memorable events at Delhi and Lucknow.*]

HEWLETT, M.—Little Novels of Italy, 6/- ..... Chapman

[*See p.* 61.]

HICHENS, R.—The Slave, 6/- ..... Heinemann

[*See p.* 59.]

HOCKING, J.—The Scarlet Woman, 6/-..... Bowden

HOCKING, S. K.—The Strange Adventures of Israel Pendray, 3/6

[*See p.* 59.] Warne

HOOPER, I.—Nell Gwyn's Diamond, 6/- ..... A. & C. Black

[*See p.* 62.]

HUME, F.—The Indian Bangle ..... Low

[*A mysterious ornament which brings about its wearer's death, and keeps detectives, amateur and otherwise, busy through a whole story. It is a lively and brightly written tale, containing some amusing personages and some vivacious dialogue.*]

HUNT, V.—The Human Interest, 6/- ..... Methuen

[*See p.* 60.]

INCHBOLD, A. C.—Princess Feather, 6/- .....Hutchinson

[*See p.* 61.]

KIPLING, R.—Stalky and Co., 6/- .....Macmillan

[*See p.* 44.]

LAWRENCE, E.—It May Happen Yet, 4/6.....The Author

[*A tale of Napoleon's invasion of England. The book is written with some smartness, but its purpose, unless in the vague threat suggested by the title, is not very obvious.*]

LEIGHTON, F. F.—Life and Books, 6/- ..... Unwin

[*See p.* 63.]

LINDSAY, M.—The Valley of Sapphires, 3/6 ..... Ward, Lock

[*A volume of short stories, all good, some of exceptional power.*]

LYALL, D.—The Two Miss Jeffreys, 6/-..... Hodder

MAGNAY, Sir W.—The Heiress of the Season, 6/- ..... Smith, Elder

[*See p.* 59.]

MARCHMONT, A. W.—The Greatest Gift, 6/-.....Hutchinson

[*A somewhat dull and very lengthy story, with one thread of interest through it, however, the foiled romance of a man of a passionate temperament and a misshapen body.*]

MARSHALL, E.—Cross Purposes, 5/- ..... Griffith

[*This story has a curious history. The first ten chapters had been written by Mrs. Marshall when her work was interrupted by the illness which ended in her death. Her daughter, Miss Beatrice Marshall, wrote three more chapters, and was herself stopped by illness. Miss E. Everett Green then stepped into the breach and finished the story. The book is a most interesting one, dealing with the fortunes of an old English family, the Deanes of Dean's Croft, during the earlier years of the century.*]

MASON, A. E. W.—Miranda of the Balcony, 6/- ..... Macmillan

MAXWELL, B. HERON.—The Adventures of a Lady Pearl Broker, 2/6 New Century Press

[*Very good stories. The adventures are quite exciting, and the scoundrels who create them are picturesque and various.*]

MCMILLAN, Mrs. A.—The Weird Well, 3/6 .....Greening

[*A well told and interesting story with an unnecessarily unfortunate ending. It deals with the career of a Polish countess, who, finding herself in London and in need of a livelihood, becomes secretary in the family of an English baronet, and there meets with fresh adventures.*]

MEADE, L. T.—An Adventuress, 6/- ..... Chatto

[*See p.* 63.]

MISS MALEVOLENT, 3/6 ..... Greening

[*See p.* 62.]

MONKSHOOD, G. F.—My Lady Ruby; John Basileon, 2/6 ..Greening

[*A couple of very modern stories, of which the former is the more pleasing. It is a mere trifle of frivolous love-making, with hints of tenderness and a happy ending. The other is sufficiently described by the author as "A Fantasy of Passion."*]

MORGAN-DE-GROOT, J.—Even If, 6/- .....Blackwood

[*See p.* 62.]

MUNRO, N.—Gilian the Dreamer, 6/- ..... Isbister

[*See p.* 56.]

NISBET, H.—Paths of the Dead, 3/6.....Long

[*The author, according to his own account, was deeply excited during*

the composition of this romance. Such exhilaration should be contagious; readers must prove whether it be so for themselves. At least they will find a story where wickedness and weakness get their due punishment and virtue a more than ordinary reward. His type of the female egotist is not subtly conceived, but she serves to point wholesome morals, nevertheless, and if his book fails in its intention of being a fine study of human nature, it succeeds frequently as melodrama.]

PENDERED, M. L.—An Englishman, 6/-.....Methuen
[*The heroine, sister to a titled lady, married a grocer in a country town, and the story is written for the liberal purpose of showing that the conversion did her no harm. But the conventions are not outraged, and the shop disappears before the end.*]

PIGOTT, W.—Purple and Fine Linen, 6/-.....Cassell
[*See p.* 60.]

PLATTS, W. C.—The Tuttlebury Troubles, 3/6 .....Digby
[*A very lively volume, full of laughable nonsense. Mr. Tuttlebury's domestic experiences are undoubtedly amusing.*]

POLLARD, E. F.—Fortune's Wheel, 2/-.....Partridge
[*A South African story full of fighting and diamond hunting, with a love story by the way. It is a readable book.*]

POLLARD, E. F.—The King's Signet, 3/6 .....Blackie
[*Relates the adventures of a noble Huguenot family driven from their home after the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes. The women and children find their way to England; the men join William of Orange in Holland, follow his fortunes in England and Ireland, fight for him at the Boyne, and meet their friends again in peace and happiness in an Irish village. The story is pleasantly written, and should interest young people.*]

PRESCOTT, E. L.—Illusion, 6/-.....Simpkin, Marshall
[*A hypodermic syringe plays havoc with the life of the hero of this story. He is an honest, unimaginative soldier, a martinet in his regiment, and very unlearned in the ways of flattery. A disloyal friend and a woman whose vanity he has wounded combine to bring disgrace on his name and himself to death's door, but the credit of the syringe and the poison are due to her. Otherwise, the story presents a lively and, in the beginning, even a cheerful picture of soldier life in Egypt.*]

QUARRY, A.—Elucidation, 6/-.....Unwin
[*The writer informs us that the incidents in this tale are strictly true. Well, real life is often incomprehensible, and Mr. Quarry's story is thus far a reflection of reality. But it is nevertheless very unsatisfactory and irritating, and the promise of the title is never fulfilled.*]

SAVILE, F.—Beyond the Great South Wall, 6/-.....Low
[*An adventurous story of mystery hunting in far parts of the earth.*]

SNAITH, J. C.—Lady Barbarity, 6/- ..... Ward, Lock
[*See p.* 61.]

ST. LEGER, H.—Shipmates, 5/-..... .....Griffith
[*A lively story relating the adventures of a couple of apprentices aboard the "Silver Star."*]

STACPOOLE, H. DE V.—The Doctor, 6/- ..... Unwin
[*See p.* 62.]

STEVENS, S.—The Sword of Justice, 6/-.....Gay & Bird
[*The story is set in that romantic and perilous period when France and Spain were struggling for the possession of Florida. Midnight attacks, massacres, treachery, capture, flight, and other horrors beside which these are tame and colourless, fill every page. From first to last the story is interesting, with enough of fact to give it a real educational value, and enough of fighting to keep any healthy boy awake by stolen candlelight through many forbidden hours.*]

STOCKTON, F.—The Vizier of the Two-Horned Alexander, 6/- Cassell
[*An amusing story of a man who in the times of the Two-Horned Alexander (so long ago that nobody can remember the date) accidentally drank up all the water in the spring of immortality, with rather disastrous consequences.*]

STUBBS, J. B.—Ora Pro Nobis, 3/6.....Skeffington
[*A rather dull story, excellent in its moral purpose, but a little amateurish in style.*]

SWAN, A. S.—A Son of Erin, 5/-.....Hutchinson
[*The story begins with the annual Burns celebration in Edinburgh, but has most of its interests in Ireland. It is full of variety, however, and tells in the writer's easy style the story of a foundling boy, brought up by a kind-hearted couple, who attains to a great position and to fame.*]

THOMPSON, C. J.—Zorastro, 3/6.....Greening
[*A lively and very readable story of medicine and alchemy in the sixteenth century. The scene is for the most part laid in Nuremberg.*]

TYTLER, S.—A Honeymoon's Eclipse, 3/6 .....Chatto
[*A story of quarrelling and estrangement. The wife is a shrew, and the husband a boor, and they wrangle and sulk through the whole book.*]

VEAGH, Rev. R. E.—A Day in My Clerical Life, 3/6.....Unwin
[*It is not quite obvious what Mr. Veagh means to be at, though we suspect him of intending to be funny. And yet—but we leave Mr. Veagh's "Day" to those who are curious on the subject.*]

WARDEN, F.—A Very Rough Diamond, 2/6 .....Nisbet
[*An intolerable "diamond" we feel inclined to say, and foolish enough too, though hardly so irrational as most of the other people in this extraordinary and impossible story. The London society girl marries the boor in the end however, her unworthy lover is got rid of anyhow, and everybody seems pleased.*]

WILLIAMSON, Mrs. C. N.—The House by the Lock, 6/-.....Bowden
[*A successful melodrama. Mrs. Williamson has the courage of her conceptions of villainy. No scruples of psychology or of charity keep her from crediting Wildred with crimes both black and numerous, and a grateful reader owns that an out-and-out villain is a luxury in fiction nowadays.*]

WOOLLAM, W.—The Parson and the Fool, 3/6.....Downey
[*A clever book, a little self-conscious and cynical, but unquestionably showing ability. The story has to do with certain mysterious relations between a clergyman and an honourable, but unpractical, Cambridge undergraduate.*]

"ZACK."—On Trial, 6/- ..... Blackwood

NEW EDITIONS.

AUSTEN, J.—Sense and Sensibility, illus. by Chris Hammond, 6/- Allen
BRADDON, M. E.—Henry Dunbar, 6d. .....Downey
BREMONT, COMTESSE DE.—The Gentleman Digger, 3/6....Greening
[*A revised edition of this clever story of Johannesburg life. It was first published ten years ago, and its leading character, Ariadne, insists strongly on the unjust disabilities of Englishmen in the Transvaal and of the duty of the Imperial Government to secure them their rights. Therefore, there is a peculiar fitness in its reappearance now.*]
CHARLESWORTH, M. L.—Ministering Children, 1/-.....Ward, Lock
[*A very neat edition.*]
HUGO, V.—The Outlaw of Iceland. Translated by Sir Gilbert Campbell, 3/6 .....Chatto
INGRAHAM, Rev. J. H.—The Prince of the House of David, 3/6 Ward
[*A thoroughly revised edition embodying the corrections and emendation suggested by the many critics whose opinions have been laid before the author since the book first appeared in* 1855.]
SCOTT, Sir W.—The Surgeon's Daughter (Temple Edition), 1/6..Dent
[*This volume completes Messrs. Dent's most charming pocket edition of Scott. As they have appeared we have written in terms of highest praise of these volumes, and now that the edition is complete we can only repeat that it is in every way a delightful one. A better Christmas present than this set of Scott's novels it would be difficult to find.*]
WHITEING, R.—The Island, 6/- .....Richards
[*See p.* 57.]

POETRY, MUSIC, AND THE DRAMA.

PATTINSON, J. S.—Far-Ben, Poems in Many Moods, 4/6 Sonnenschein
[*The writer takes a very gentle and refined view of life, and writes his thoughts in a simple and not unpleasing rhythm.*]
TENNYSON, Lord.—English Idylls, The Princess and Other Poems, edited by E. A. Sharp. Lyrics and Poems, with Maud and In Memoriam, edited with a biographical introduction by E. A. Sharp (Canterbury Poets), 2/- ea. Scott
[*Two volumes of the special red and gold edition, wonderfully cheap and pretty.*]
WILSON, R.—Laurel Leaves, 5/-.....Constable
[*Mr. Wilson has the poetic imagination and a certain gift of strong and earnest expression. Some of his sonnets are really good, and we have read the little volume with interest.*]

NEW EDITIONS.

OTWAY, T.—Venice Preserved (Temple Dramatists), 1/- .....Dent
SPENSER, E.—The Faerie Queene, Book IV. Edited by K. M. Warren, 1/6 .....Constable
[*An excellent edition, with good introduction, analysis, and notes.*]

LAW, PHILOLOGY, SCIENCE, ART, SCHOOL AND TECHNICAL BOOKS.

BALDRY, A. L.—Sir John Everett Millais, 7/6 .....Bell
FAHIE, J. J.—A History of Wireless Telegraphy, 6/-.....Blackwood
[*A very full account of the successive contributions towards the discovery of a method of wireless telegraphy, made by various scientists since* 1838. *The various systems in actual present use are also explained, and several interesting appendices on subjects connected with electricity are given. Those interested in this modern development of practical science should not miss this book.*]
GRAHAM, A. H.—Master and Servant, 1/-.....Ward, Lock
[*A complete and thoroughly intelligible explanation of the Law of Master and Servant, written by a Barrister-at-Law.*]
NYS, Professor E.—Researches in the History of Economics. translated by N. F. and A. R. Dryhurst, 6/-.....A. & C. Black
[*An excellent translation of Professor Nys's admirable work.*]
ROUSE, W. H. D.—Demonstrations in Greek Iambic Verse, 6/- Cam. Univ. Press
[*An excellent manual for the student, offering both precept and example, both the result of years of experience and labour.*]
STEVENSON, R. A. M.—Velasquez (Great Masters in Painting and Sculpture), 5/- .....Bell
WARNER, G. T.—A Brief Survey of British History, 1/6.....Blackie
[*A useful school book, lucid, well arranged, and fully supplied with maps.*]
WOOD, S.—As You Like It.—Questions and Notes (Dinglewood Shakespeare Manuals), 1/- .....Heywood
[*A book of questions on the play, with answers supplied to the more difficult, for the use of students preparing for University Local and other examinations.*]

HISTORY, BIOGRAPHY, AND TRAVEL.

ALLEN, G.—The European Tour, 6/- .....Richards
[*The late Mr. Grant Allen's historical guides are well known, and this is as good as the best of them. It is intended primarily for the colonist who is "doing" Europe in a single tour, but is quite worth attention on this side of the Atlantic or the Red Sea.*]
ATTERIDGE, A. H.—The Wars of the 'Nineties, 7/6 .....Cassell
[*A large and handsome volume, full of illustrations, giving in the utmost detail the history of recent wars all over the world.*]
BULLEN, F.—The Log of a Sea Waif, 8/6..... Smith, Elder
[*See p.* 63.]
COWPER, H. S.—Hawkshead: Its History, Archæology, etc., 30/-
[*A beautifully printed and illustrated work.*] Bemrose
EMERTON, E.—Desiderius Erasmus, 6/- .....Putnam's
FRASER, Sir W.—Words on Wellington, 7/6 ..... Nimmo
[*A book of recollections in which the personality of the writer gives piquancy and force to every section. The curious system of leading off every paragraph in large capitals is surprising. But the book is better than the eccentricity.*]
GIBBS, P.—Founders of the Empire, 1/8.....Cassell
[*A history of eleven great Englishmen from Alfred to Wellington. There are plenty of illustrations, and every effort is made to render the book attractive to young folks.*]
GOSSE, E.—Life and Letters of John Donne, 2 vols., 24/-..Heinemann
GOWEN, Rev. H. H.—Church-work in British Columbia, 5/- Longmans
[*A memoir of the episcopate of the Rev. Acton Windeyer Sillitoe,*

D.D.. D.C.L., first Bishop of New Westminster. It provides a record of much earnest, faithful work among the Indians of Western Canada, carried through with untiring fidelity and kindness.]

GRAHAM, H. G.—Social Life of Scotland in the 18th Century, 2 vols., 24/- .....Black

HOPE, A. R.—Ready-made Romance, 5/- .....Black

[*Stories, mostly true, giving a side view of historical events. The heroes of the various tales are young, and the book is mainly intended for young people not wholly given over to story books.*]

HOULDER, Rev. J. A.—A Short History of the Free Churches, 2/6 Dickinson

[*A manual much needed by young people connected with Nonconformity, many of whom have no clear knowledge of the Free Church principles they believe themselves to hold. The book is only an outline, and its historical portions are necessarily limited in view, but a larger work might have defeated its own purpose by repelling young readers.*]

HOW, F. D.—Bishop Walsham How, 6/- .....Isbister

[*See p.* 52.]

KENT, C. B. R.—The English Radicals, 7/6 ..... Longmans

[*See p.* 56.]

MEAKIN, B.—The Moorish Empire, 15/- ..... Sonnenschein

[*See p.* 52.]

MILL, H. R.—The International Geography, 15/-.....Newnes

[*The plan of this volume is admirable, and we congratulate the editor upon the manner in which it has been carried out. Each section of the geography is written by a recognised authority. In all seventy authors, English and foreign, contribute, and their work will certainly prove to be the standard international geography of the future. The publishers have done their part of the work excellently, and the book is in every way one of the most complete, and most useful books of reference we have seen for years. It is sure of a large sale.*]

PARKER, Dr. J.—A Preacher's Life, 6/- .....Hodder

[*See p.* 52.]

PENFIELD, F. C.—Present-Day Egypt, 10/-.....Macmillan

[*A book for the general reader, written in a bright, descriptive style with observations upon all Egyptian matters, historical, political, social.*]

POWELL, E., and TREVELYAN, G. M.—The Peasants' Rising and the Lollards, 6/-.....Longmans

[*By this book Mr. Trevelyan fulfils the promise made in the preface to his "England in the Age of Wycliffe" of publishing the new materials used in writing that work. Mr. Powell brought these documents under his notice, and he has now helped to prepare them for publication. To avoid repetition, the documents are given in abbreviated form. They include many of extreme interest to historians.*]

Reminiscences and Recollections of Capt. Gronow, 2 vols., 12/- Nimmo

STEEVENS, G. W.—In India, 6/- ..... Blackwood

STEVENSON, F.S.—Robt. Grosseteste, Bishop of Lincoln, 10/- Macmillan

[*A work of much labour and research, giving a complete account of the life and work of the author of "De Cessatione Legalium," who succeeded Hugh de Wells in the See of Lincoln in 1235.*]

THOMAS, M.—Two Years in Palestine and Syria, 12/6 ..... Nimmo

NEW EDITIONS.

CHRISTIE, R. C.—Etienne Dolet, 10/-.....Macmillan

[*Mr. Christie has done well to issue a new edition of his remarkable study of a remarkable man. The name of Etienne Dolet is known to few, but in writing his history Mr. Christie has placed all students of sixteenth century France and indeed all students of French literature under a deep debt of gratitude.*]

MACKENNA, S. J., and O'SHEA, J. A.—Brave Men in Action, 5/- Chatto

NORTH, Sir T.—Plutarch's Lives, Vols. 9 and 10 (Temple Classics), 1/6 each.....Dent

WALTON, I.—The Lives of Donne, Wotton, Hooker, Herbert, and Sanderson, edited by C. H. Dick (Scott Library), 1/6 Scott

MISCELLANEOUS.

Bo-Beep Annual Volume, 2/6 .....Cassell

[*A delightful volume for the little ones, full of pictures and printed in all colours.*]

BREND, W. A.—The Story of Ice in the Present and Past, 1/- Newnes

[*Describes the chief features of ice-action, its physical properties, etc., as well as the position of ice in the geological world.*]

Child's Own Magazine, 1/- .....S. S. Union

[*A capital gift for a Sunday School child. The volume is full of pictures.*]

CROSS, W. L.—The Development of the English Novel, 6/-

[*See p.* 53.] Macmillan

EARLE, Mrs. C. W.—More Pot-Pourri from a Surrey Garden, 7/6

[*See p.* 63.] Smith, Elder

English Satires, with Introduction by O. Smeaton, 3/6.....Blackie

Florilegium Latinum, Edited by F. St. John Thackeray and E. D. Stone (The Bodley Anthology), 7/6 .....Lane

FORSTER, W. J.—Some English Rivers, 1/- .....Kelly

An "imaginary journey" taken by the same four young people as journeyed "There and Back" not long ago. The amiable and minutely-informed Cousin Walter again acts as guide. The book is to much geographical edification and the pill is in every way well gilded.]

FOTHERINGHAM, J.—Wordsworth's Prelude as a Study of Education, 1/- .....Marshall

[*A suggestive essay extended from a paper read to the Teachers' Guild at Bradford.*]

GRAHAM, A. H.—Master and Servant, 1/- .....Ward, Lock

"H. N."—A Nocturne, 1/-.....Stock

[*A very pretty and tender imagination, vague, fanciful and alluring.*]

HAGGARD, H. R.—A Farmer's Year, 7/6.....Longmans

HARRISON, C. S., and HAMER, S. H.—Master Charlie: Painter, Poet, Novelist, 1/6 .....Cassell

[*An absurd enough book, but in no way suggesting a child's work. Schoolboys never take so much trouble with their spelling as is shown in M. C.'s nicety of inaccuracy. And when would any boy of Charlie's age describe two persons of anything over twenty as "yung"?*

HARVEY, W.—Scottish Life and Character in Anecdote and Story Mackay (Stirling)

[*There is here no lack of anecdotes, good and bad, old and new. The book is a good one to have at hand to turn over in leisure minutes.*]

HECKETHORN, C. W.—London Souvenirs, 6/- .....Chatto

[*A chatty volume of recollections of Old London and its Clubs, Gaming-houses, Wits and Beaux, Doctors and Lawyers. There is an interesting chapter on the "Lost Rivers of Old London."*]

HULL, C. H.—Economic Writings of Sir W. Petty, 2 vols., 25/- each. Cambridge University Press

[*Sir William Petty was surveyor of forfeited lands in Ireland under the Protectorate. His mathematical and medical studies were of value and his writings on economic subjects are indispensable to any student of the seventeenth century. A collected edition has been long desired and occasionally projected, but hitherto none has appeared. This collection seems complete, well edited, and in every way admirable.*]

JERRAM, C. S.—The Armies of the World, 3/6..Lawrence & Bullen

[*A very full and detailed account of the service, organisation, strength, uniform, armament, etc., of all the armies of the world. In an introductory note the writer recalls the curious fact that the close of the Peace Conference found every Christian power in the world in arms.*]

JONES, J. L.—Jess, 6/- ..... Macmillan

[*These "Bits of Wayside Gospel" are charmingly written, whether they take the form of stories or of essays. The book is one to keep by you and turn over often.*]

LANG, A.—The Homeric Hymns, 7/6.....Allen

[*See p.* 51.]

LAURENCE, P. M.—Collectanea, 10/-.....Macmillan

[*Essays, addresses, and reviews reprinted from various periodicals. Several of the papers are on South Africa and Cape Colony, several deal with matters connected with law, and there are essays on R. L. Stevenson and Mr. Gladstone.*]

LECKY, W. E. H.—The Map of Life, 10/6 .....Longmans

[*Mr. Lecky's is not a book to raise controversy. It is wise and true, with the wisdom and the truth that we all approve heartily—in theory. We are glad to find so admirable a philosophy set forth at length, if it were only for the hope that more may be induced to put it into practice.*]

LELAND, C.—Aradia; or the Gospel of the Witches of Italy, 3/6 Nutt

[*A most interesting book on old Italian witchcraft, giving the ceremonies, incantations, etc., actually used and believed in. Folk-lorists will welcome the work, especially as it is admirably arranged and clearly printed.*]

London University Guide, 1899-1900 .....Univ. Corr. Coll. Press

[*Contains all needed information for the intending student.*]

MAJOR, A. F., and SPEIGHT, E. E.—Stories from the Northern Sagas, 1/- .....Marshall

[*A collection of spirited stories of Viking adventure. That of the Breaking of London Bridge is specially interesting to English readers.*]

MORTEN, H.—Questions for Women, 2/-.....A. & C. Black

[*A useful and suggestive book for all interested in the employment of women.*]

MULLER, Rt. Hon. Prof. F. Max.—Auld Lang Syne (Second Series), 10/6.....Longmans

[*See p.* 58.]

Natural and Artificial Methods of Ventilation.....Boyle

NICHOLSON, W.—Twelve Portraits, 21/- ..... Heinemann

P. and O. Pocket Book (Second Series), 1899 ..... P. & O. Offices

[*A most interesting little book, containing, besides technical information, capital articles on various spots visited by the P. and O. ships—on India by Sir Edwin Arnold, and on China by Sir Thomas Wade, to name a couple chosen at random. The book is daintily bound in red leather, and full of useful maps and exquisite views in photogravure.*]

PEEL, Mrs. C. S.—10s. a Head for House Books, 3/6.....Constable

[*Contains many excellent recipes and much useful advice.*]

PEYTON, E.—Cookery for Two, 2/6.....Russell

[*Contains over 300 useful recipes.*]

PLUMPTRE, C. E.—Ochino's "The Tragedy," 6/- .....Richards

RENAN.—Antichrist, trans. with Introduction by W. G. Hutchison (Scott Library), 1/6.....Scott

ROBERTSON, J. M.—Patriotism and Empire, 3/6.....Richards

[*Mr. Roberison's talk is tall, and suggests the appropriate introduction of such parentheses as "Loud Applause," and "Hear, hear," but there is sense in his contention that wisdom differs from instinct, and that patriotism is not synonymous with fanfaronade. He writes eloquently and effectively on the anti-Kipling side, the side that needs recruits. The other has already the strength of armies.*]

SPENCE, J.—Shetland Folk-Lore, 5/- .... Johnson & Greig (Lerwick)

[*An interesting account of the traditions, phrases, and customs which have been handed down through generations of the island folk. Mr. Spence has spent some forty years collecting and studying these, and now offers them in an attractive, well printed, and excellent little book, bright enough to attract young people, and interesting to folk-lorists and philologists.*]

STEAD, W. T.—Shall I Slay My Brother Boer? 6d.

Review of Reviews Office

[*Whatever criticism Mr. Stead's question may have provoked, its answer has by this time been given audibly enough from the throats of the artillery in South Africa.*]

WILSON, S.—The Romance of Our Ancient Churches. Illustrated by A. Ansted, 6/-.....Constable

[*An interesting book to the antiquarian. Some of the illustrations are very pretty.*]

Young England, Vol. XX., 5/-.....S. S. Union

[*A handsome annual volume.*]

NEW EDITIONS.

ELLIOTT, Hon. A.—The State and the Church, 2/6 .....Macmillan

Nugæ Canoræ; or, Epitaphian Mementos (in Stonecutters' verse) of the Medici Family of Modern Times. By Unus Quorum, 3/6 ....Holbrook (Portsmouth)

[*Written by Mr. William Wadd, Surgeon Extraordinary to His Majesty George IV., and originally published in 1827. It is a curious collection of anecdotes and recollections concerning medical men and matters.*]

BOOKS WANTED.

[Lists of Books Wanted have occasionally to be omitted owing to the senders' names and addresses not being attached.]

ANDERSON AND SONS, DUMFRIES.

Courts of Germany, 2 vols., 1827.
John Huss, a poem, 1829.
Heliotrope (A Pilgrim in Quest of Health), 1833.
Polynesia, a poem.
Switzerland, illus., 2 vols., 4to., 1836.
Scotland, illus., 2 vols., 4to, 1838.
The Waldenses, 1838.
The Castles and Abbeys of of England, 2 vols., 8vo, 1842.
The Danube, illus., 1844.
Dramatic and Prose Miscellanies, 2 vols., 1838.
A Latin Treatise on Pulmonary Consumption.
Life and Letters of Thomas Campbell, 3 vols., 8vo.
All by Dr. Beattie.

EDWARD BAKER, 14 & 16, JOHN BRIGHT STREET, BIRMINGHAM.

Stevenson :
Inland Voyage, 1878, 30s. offered.
Travels with a Donkey, 1879, 30s. offered.
New Arabian Nights, 2 vols., 1882, 1st edit., 30s. offered.
Child's Garden of Verses, 1885, 30s. offered.
Hessey's Drive Through England, 1885, 15s. offered.
Froude's Short Studies, 4 vols., 8vo, £2 offered.
Moore's Alps in 1864, £3 offered.

A. BULT, 25, NEW QUEBEC STREET, LONDON, W.

McIlwraith's History of Glasgow and South Western Railway.
Two Stories of the Seen and the Unseen, Mrs. Oliphant (Blackwood).

C. H. CATTLE, 2, EAST CIRCUS STREET, NOTTINGHAM.

Kipling :
Edition de luxe.
Any 1st edits.
Symonds, Italian Literature, 1881.

T. B., c/o WM. DAWSON & SONS, LTD., 23, NORTHUMBERLAND AVENUE, W.C.

Stevenson's Wrecker, 2 vols., Edinburgh edition, state price.

H. P. ROSSITER, 9, ELM PLACE, BATH.

W. Pater, works by—
Studies of Renaissance, 1873.
The Renaissance, 1877.
Marius, 1885.
Imaginary Portraits, 1887.
Appreciations, 1889.

J. W. THOMPSON, 45, PASTURE STREET, GRIMSBY.

Boy's Own Paper, vols. 1 to 10, any.
Chums, vols. 1 and 2.
Corelli novels, any, especially Sorrows of Satan, Thelma, Romance of Two Worlds, Barabbas, Lilith and Vendetta.
Edna Lyall's novels.
Green's Short History of English People.
Drummond's Natural Law.
Drummond's Ascent of Man.
Spurgeon's Sermons, any bound vols.
Maclaren's Sermons, Liddon's, Beecher's, and Dr. Parker's.
Darwin's Origin of Species.
Vicissitudes of a Soldier's Life.
Farrar's Eternal Hope.
Captain Cobbler.
Ye Byrde of Gryme.
Monumental Antiquities of Grimsby
Books relating to Grimsby.

GEORGE WESTELL, 18, VALMAR ROAD, DENMARK HILL, LONDON, S.E.

Musapædia, Poems, etc., 17—.
Experiences of Flagellation.
Ainsworth, Rookwood.
Cabinet of Genius, 2 vols., 1787.
Annals of Gallantry, 3 vols. or odd.
Cicero, Cato Major, 1774.
Confessions of an Oxonian.
Handy Andy, 1842.
Haunch of Venison, 1771.
Peter Simple, 3 vols.
Pride and Prejudice, 3 vols.
Reproof, a Satire, 1747.

BOOKS FOR SALE.

REV. E. COOK, 17, MOUNTJOY PLACE, NEWPORT (MON.).

Parker's People's Bible, cheap edition, 25 vols., as new, £3.
Bailey's Festus, 3rd edition, Pickering, 1848, good condition, 10s.
Robertson's Sermons and Life, 3s. 6d. edition, 7 vols., as new, 12s. 6d.
Chambers' English Dictionary, half morocco, pub. 1893 at 18s., quite new, 10s.

T. POTTS, THE MANOR HOUSE, MARTOCK.

Encyclopædia Britannica, 25 vols., published 1898, quite new, cost £16 19s. What offers?

W. H. SMITH, PUBLIC (FREE) LIBRARY, DEWSBURY.

Surtees' Society Publications, vols. 5-15, 17, 18, 21, 34, 47, 49, 50, 51, 54, 56, 57, 62, 64, 65 (25 vols. in all).
Henley and Farmer's Slang Dictionary, 4 vols., subscription paid up, 2 vols. to follow. What offers?

J. W. THOMPSON, 45, PASTURE STREET, GRIMSBY.

Hemy's Pianoforte Tutor, revised edition, new, 5s., for 1s. 6d.
Canary Islands Past and Present, by Olivia M Stone, maps and illustrations, 15s. for 5s. 6d.
In the Days of the Dandies, a Series of Charming Reminiscences of Men and Women celebrated in a Bygone Day. By Lord Lamington. Original picture wrapper, 1s.
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Farmer's Violin Tutor, revised edition, new, 5s., for 1s. 6d.
Narrative of a Journey to the Zulu Country in South Africa. By Captain Allen F. Gardiner, R.N. With coloured and other illustrations, 1st. ed., 6s. 6d.
Phil May's Annual, 1892 and 1894, 1s. 9d. each.
Boswell's Life of Dr. Johnson, edited by Croker, portraits, Murray's edition, 12s., for 6s.
Milton's Paradise Lost, engravings by Heath, Finden, etc., cloth gilt, 1816, 7s. 6d.

SALES OF BOOKS DURING THE MONTH.

New books, in order of demand, as sold between September 15th and October 15th, 1899 :—

LONDON, E.C.

Kipling : Stalky & Co. 6s. (Macmillan.)
Parker : A Preacher's Life. 6s. (Hodder.)
Hope : The King's Mirror. 6s. (Methuen.)
How : Bishop John Selwyn. 7s. 6d. (Isbister.)
Fitzpatrick : The Transvaal from Within. 10s. (Heinemann.)
All Works on South Africa.

LONDON, W.C.

Fitzpatrick : The Transvaal from Within. 10s. net. (Heinemann.)
Kipling : Stalky & Co. 6s. (Macmillan.)
Mills : International Geography. 15s. (Newnes.)
Crockett : Kit Kennedy. 6s. (Clarke.)
Mrs. Earle : More Pot-Pourri from a Surrey Garden. 7s. 6d. (Smith, Elder.)
Boothby's recent novels. 5s. each (White ; Hodder ; Ward, Lock.)
Books on Africa and War Maps.

BIRMINGHAM.

Kipling : Stalky & Co. 6s. (Macmillan.)
Fitzpatrick : The Transvaal from Within. 10s. net. (Heinemann.)
Neufeld : A Prisoner of the Khaleefa. 12s. (Chapman & Hall.)
Decle : Trooper 3809. 6s. (Heinemann.)
Steevens : Tragedy of Dreyfus. 6s. (Harper.)
Books on South Africa (various).

MANCHESTER.

Parker : A Preacher's Life 6s. (Hodder.)
Crossley's Life. (Nisbet.)
C. Hyne : Further Adventures of Captain Kettle. 6s. (Pearson.)
J. Hocking : The Scarlet Woman. 6s. (Bowden.)
E. T. Fowler : A Double Thread. 6s. (Hutchinson.)
Mrs. Earle : More Pot-Pourri from a Surrey Garden. 7s. 6d. (Smith, Elder.)

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E. T. Fowler : A Double Thread. 6s. (Hutchinson.)
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Kipling : Stalky & Co. 6s. (Macmillan.)
Steevens: The Tragedy of Dreyfus. 6s. (Harper.)
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Kipling : Stalky & Co. 6s. (Macmillan.)
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E. T. Fowler : Isabel Carnaby. 6s. (Hodder.)
Mrs. Croker : Terence. 6s. (Chatto.)
Decle : Trooper 3809. 6s. (Heinemann.)
Fitzpatrick : The Transvaal from Within. 10s. net. (Heinemann.)
War Maps.

SUNDERLAND.

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Crockett : Kit Kennedy. 6s. (Clarke.)
Neufeld : A Prisoner of the Khaleefa. 12s. (Chapman & Hall.)
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Rowntree : Temperance Problems. 6s. (Hodder.)
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Pemberton : Signors of the Night. 6s. (Pearson.)
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Mrs. Earle : More Pot-Pourri from a Surrey Garden. 7s. 6d. (Smith, Elder.)
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Roosevelt : Rough Riders.

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Kipling : Stalky & Co. 6s. (Macmillan).
Harris : Life of Crossley. 6s. (Hodder,)
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Neufeld : A Prisoner of the Khaleefa. 12s. (Chapman & Hall.)
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Sanday : Pamphlet on Archbishops' Decision. 1s. net. (Longmans.)

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Steevens : In India. 6s. (Blackwood.)
Kipling : Stalky & Co. 6s. (Macmillan.)
Matheson : Studies of the Portrait of Christ. 6s. (Hodder.)
Innes : The Trial of Jesus Christ. 2s. 6d. (T. & T. Clark.)
Mackennal : Homes and Haunts of the Pilgrim Fathers. 25s. and 42s. net. (London Tract Society.)
Munro : Gilian the Dreamer. 6s. (Isbister.)

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Seneca on Benefits. Temple Classics. 1s. 6d. net. (Dent.)
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Brandes' Shakespeare. Cheaper edition. 10s. net. (Heinemann.)
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Hope : The King's Mirror. 6s. (Methuen.)
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Boyle : A Kish of Brogues. 2s. 6d. (Gill.)
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Maps of the Transvaal.

DUBLIN (2).

Maps of South Africa and the Transvaal. 6d. to 5s.
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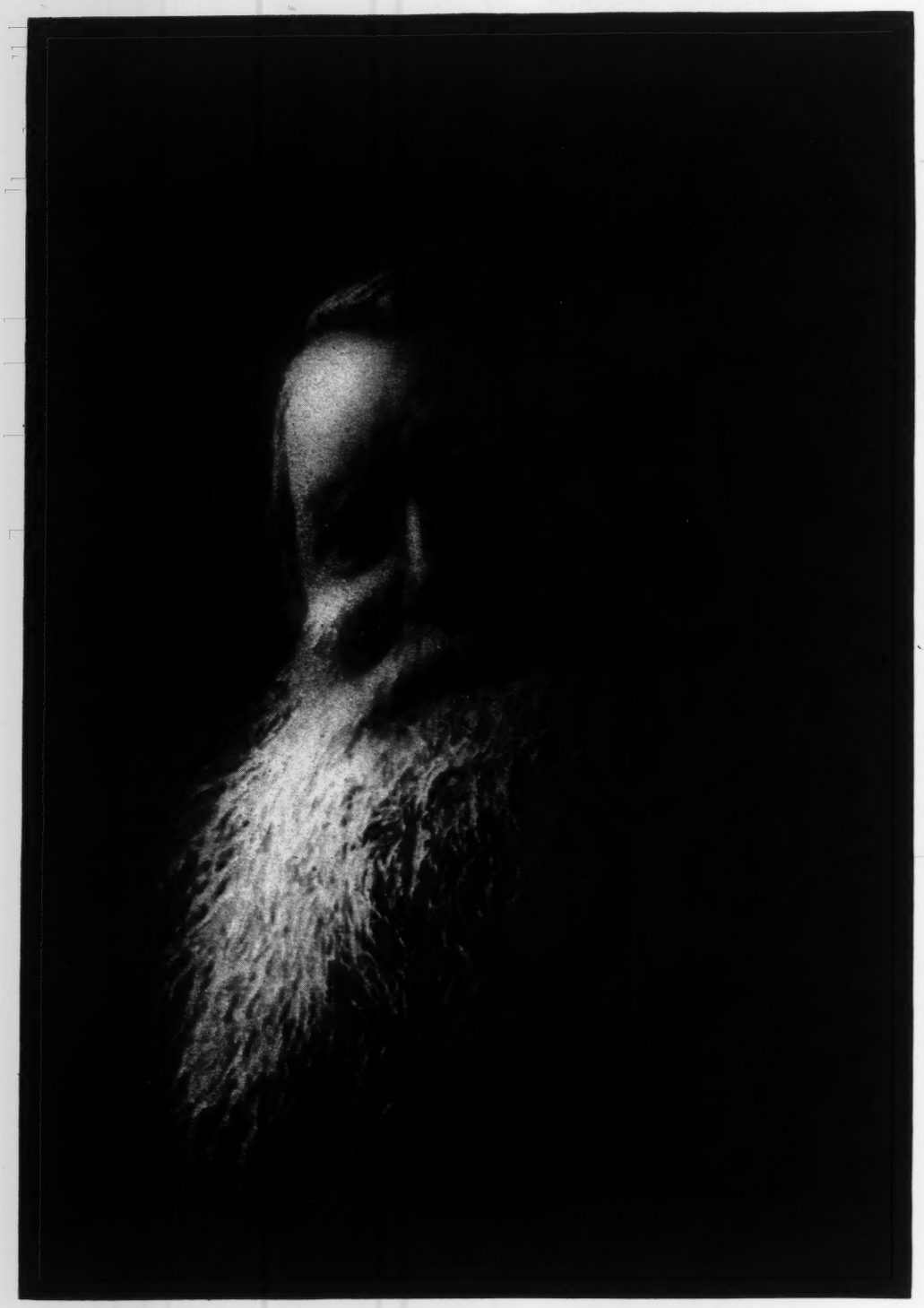
Fitzpatrick : The Transvaal from Within. 10s. net. (Heinemann.)
Kipling : Stalky & Co. 6s. (Macmillan.)
Mrs. Croker : Terence. 6s. (Chatto.)
Vanston : Local Government Act (Ireland). 21s. net.
Books on South Africa.

We guarantee the authenticity of the above lists as supplied to us, each by leading booksellers in the towns named.



JOHN RUSKIN.

From a new portrait by J. MCCLELLAND.

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